

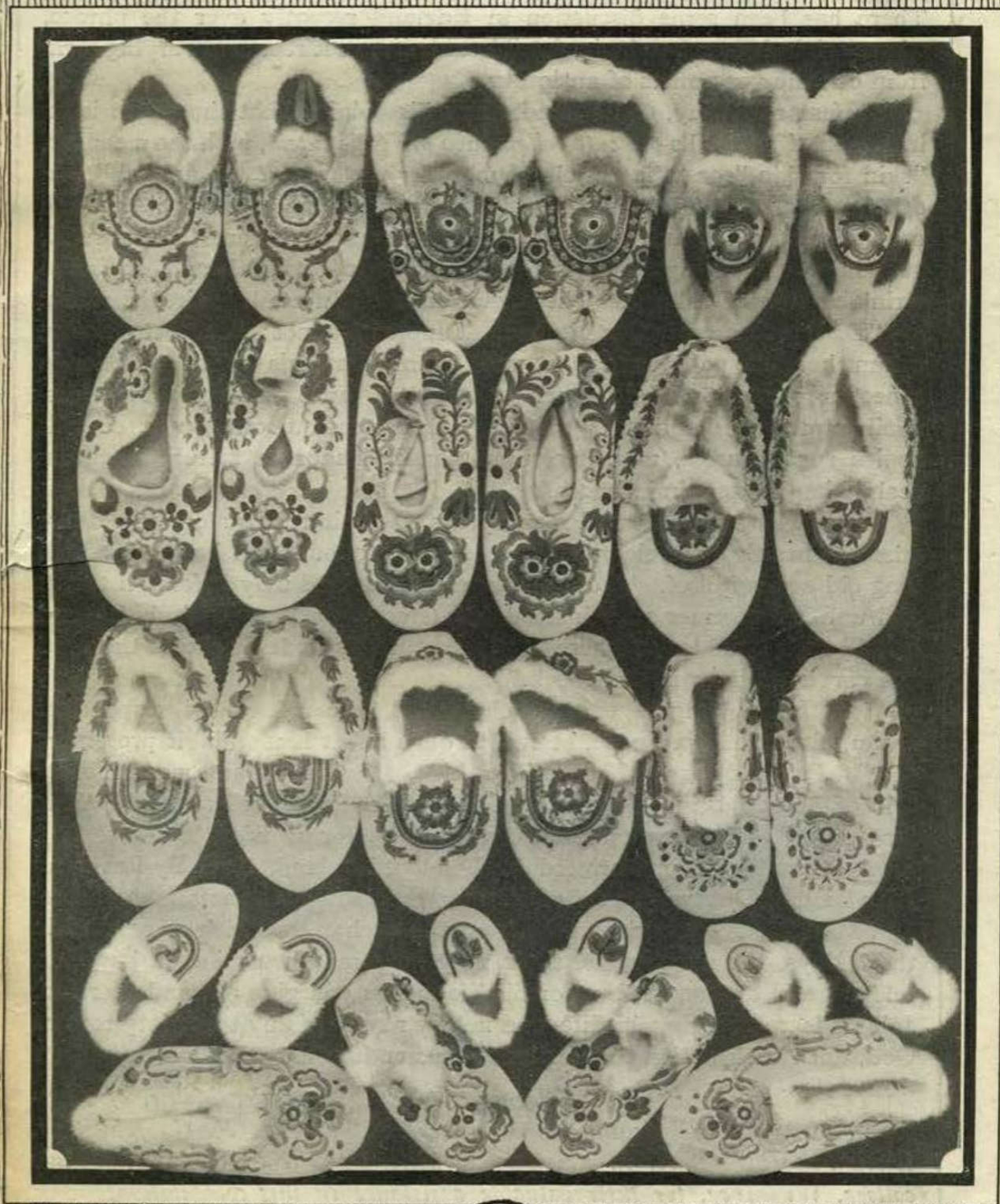
VOL IV

SEPTEMBER 1924

No. XII

The Beaver

A Journal of Progress



Devoted to the Interests of Those Who Serve the Hudson's Bay Company



ENDEAVOURING to arrive at the true meaning and derivation of the Hudson's Bay Company's motto, *pro pelle cutem*, seems to create considerable interest and controversy from time to time. There has been some discussion in England recently over the phrase, whose origin it seems to be impossible to trace, as it recurs in varying form from out the very mists of antiquity.

Professor Bensley, of England, gives his opinion that the motto is an inversion of Juvenal's *pro cute pellem* into *pro pelle cutem*, with the meaning, "skin for skin," or "the cuticle of man for the pelt of the animal." In other words, the trader risks his skin in procuring the animals' hides. He concludes that the author of the famous phrase is Juvenal, in Satire X, 192, in which passage *cutis* is the smooth skin of youth and *pellis* the wrinkled skin of old age. The quotation from Juvenal, Satire X, reads:

"Da spatium vitae, multos da, Iuppiter, annos: hoc recto vultu, solum hoc, et pallidus optas. sed quam continuis et quantis longa senectus plena malis! deformem et taetrum ante nomia vultum dissimilemque sui, deformem pro cute pellem pendentisque genas, et talis aspice rugas quales, umbriferos ubi pandit Thabraca saltus, in vetula scalpit iam mater simia bucca."

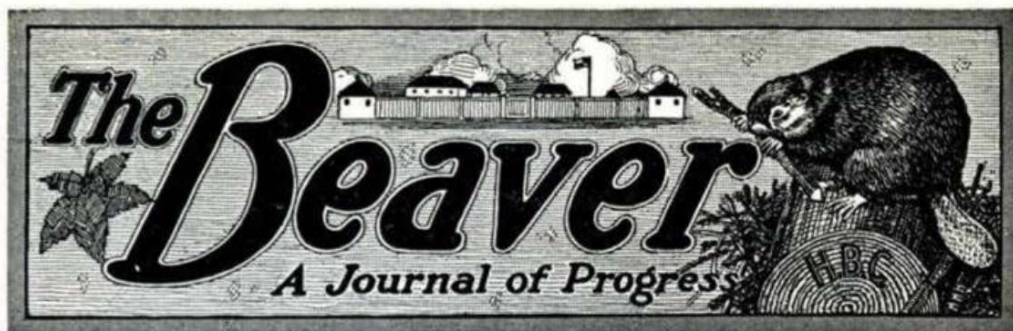
"Grant length of life and many years, O Jupiter, this alone you desire when in health or in sickness, but how continuous, and how great evils long old age is full of. A countenance hideous and ugly before all things and unlike its former self—instead of a (smooth) skin, an ugly hide—and behold such wrinkles as where Thabraca spreads its leafy glades the aged ape carves on her wizened cheek."

Job, Latin Vulgate edition, chapter 2, verse 4. "Cui respondens Satan, ait: pellem pro pelle, et cuncta quae habet homo, dabit pro anima sua!" *Pellis*, a coarse, hard skin; a hide. *Cutis*, soft and smooth skin; skin of human beings. "And Satan answered the Lord and said, 'Skin for skin, yea all that a man hath, will he give for his life.'"

A very old volume, printed in London, England, 1643, By Reverend John Diodati, Geneva, gives the following commentary on the famous phrase:

Skinne. "A proverbe taken from the exchanges which were used in those days, the meaning is, there may be some proportion in bargains, releases and exchanges, but for his life a man will give all; and therefore Job for feare of losing his life, and not by reason of any true piety toward God, doth with patience and silence thus endure his other losses."

The editor makes acknowledgements to Dr. Alexander Milne, of Aberdeen, Scotland, ex-assistant commissioner, and to Rev. R. C. Johnstone, LL.D., special lecturer in ecclesiastical history and liturgiology, St. John's college, Winnipeg, for their valuable assistance in this compilation.



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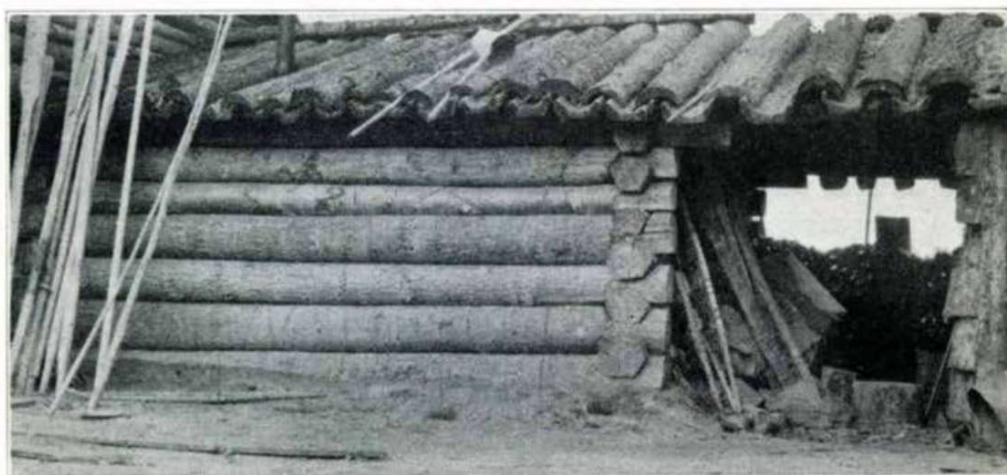
Necessity Mother of Invention

No. 1—A Quaint Roof

By C. H. FRENCH, District Manager B.C.

TO say the least, the men of the Hudson's Bay are practical. I at one time made a trip through the interior of British Columbia, accompanied by an Englishman who was an architect by profession, and when he saw the log trough roof shewn in this picture he was intensely interested, and I pass it on to you in case there are those in the Company's service who have not had occasion to resort to this kind of roof. There are many of them in use in different parts of our service, and I am sorry at not having a better illustration to shew.

The roof logs are the same as are used in the walls of the building, but must be straight grained in order to split and hollow out. The bark is left on, and it is surprising how long they will last without cracking or becoming non-water shedding. The ridge piece is exactly the same as the roof pieces, but the end joints are lapped.



The Story of Woollen Cloth

(An Outline)

By L. INGRAM, Winnipeg Retail

WOOL is received at the mills in the raw state and must go through a preliminary process which consists of washing in huge vats. The residue from this preliminary operation is known as wool grease, used as a basis for oil, and chiefly when the foreign matter is extracted, as linoline—a dressing for wounds and surgical work. The scum left on the top is dried, and is used as oil-cake for feeding cattle and also as soil fertilizer.

From this process the wool passes on to the spinning. It is delivered in a broad sliver. The sliver has first been reduced in thickness by six or seven drawing operations, during which it is doubled to eliminate uneven places. It is then passed on to the spinning frame, where it is reduced to the necessary fineness (*count* is the trade term) and the necessary twist inserted.

If the yarn is required for weft, it is wound in tubes ready for the shuttle; but if for warp, it is sent to the twisting department, where two strands are twisted together and the resultant thread is run on to a beam in the warping.

It is now ready for the weaving. This is an interesting operation to watch, looms of various types producing many different varieties of woven goods, the shuttle moving from side to side and the proper warp threads automatically rising to let it pass through.

Every woven material, whether wool, cotton or linen, is composed of two systems of yarns, the warp and the weft. The warp is the one that runs the whole length of the piece of goods and consists of separate threads. The number of threads depends on the width of the cloth.

The shuttle shooting across between the warp threads leads the yarn, conveying the weft thread alternately over and under the warp threads.

The interlacing of the warp is done in the above manner, the warp threads being lifted and lowered in sections, so that the shuttle may pass under some and over others and different weaves are secured by varying the way in which the weft and warp threads cross and recross.

This variation is done by means of healds and heald shafts, the first being vertical wires or threads, each with an eyelet hole in the middle, fixed to the top and bottom with horizontal shafts. For plain weaving only two sets of healds are required, but for the more complicated designs it will be realized that more elaborate mechanism is needed.

When the pieces are woven, they pass on to the burling and mending operations, where female labour is employed to extract from the pieces any foreign matter, such as hair, by means of burling irons (fine tweezers).

Afterwards the pieces are dispatched to the dyer and finisher to be given the requisite shade and nap.

(K)night Errantry in the North

By GEORGE FINDLAY, Attawapiskat Post

WHEN Sir Stoney le Broke set out on this famous journey to awake the beautiful Sleeping Princess, it was not the mercenary thought of his reward (part of that lady's father's domains) which inspired him to such a perilous undertaking. It was that noble attribute, chivalry. It was the same trait which caused him to marry her even when he found her ugly. This chivalrous instinct has led even staid and dignified men to heights of heroism or to the nadir depths of folly, so the young emulators of Sir Galahad have no reason to hide their faces. Of course, there is a lady in the case, and the scene is laid at Attawapiskat.

With that delightful thoughtlessness peculiar to the unfair sex, our heroine, the fourteen-year-old daughter of our carpenter, during a berry picking expedition, wandered from her companions. The news was soon spread that she was missing. It had been raining for several hours and the downpour showed no signs of abating. To reclaim that which was lost was our task, so with undaunted hearts we plunged into the bush, the lanterns twinkling like will-o'-the-wisps. Hidden roots made traps for the unwary and playful branches snatched at clothes and faces as we pushed ahead. By this time most of us had been up to our knees in water. Periodically would come the report of a rifle and its answering echo.

In this fashion we had been walking for two hours, and, coming among thicker timber, we called a halt and fired a dozen rounds. We decided to build a fire, dry out and resume the search after daybreak.

The rain continued, and the moss underfoot could be squeezed like a sponge. But, with a roaring fire alongside and our oilskins wrapped around us, we tried to rest in the arms of Morpheus.

With that peculiar damp feeling damp clothes give—something like jam and a poultice—I wakened to find my fellow-searchers toasting themselves amid clouds of steam. At last even our chivalry got damped (the thought of a snug, warm bed would keep coming around). Relighting our lanterns, we filed out of the firelight, anathematising lost girls, bush life, and the days of 1545. How we got back still remains a mystery to me, my time being fully occupied in dodging in and out of water-holes. The others fared likewise. At 3 a.m. a party of eerie shapes, glistening in the lantern rays, might have been seen stumbling across the fields behind the mission, occasionally caressing the earth, soaked, but firmly resolved to restart the search at daylight.

The search began again next morning, but, needless to say, three of us were missing. Time now draws a merciful veil. About 11 a.m. the feminine wanderer was found near where we had camped. She had spent the night not far from our fire, but even the rifle shots had not attracted her. Her father told us next day she was almost stone deaf. Never again!

Oliver Goldsmith

10th November, 1728—4th April, 1774

By QUIS SEPARABIT

THIS year marks the 150th anniversary of Goldsmith's death, and his bicentenary will be observed in another four years. His birthplace is usually given as Pallas, County Longford, but the theory is strongly in favour of Smith-Hill House, Elphin, County Roscommon, the home of Mrs. Goldsmith's parents. At the time of his birth, his father, Rev. Charles Goldsmith, was curate of Forgney church, Longford. A window to Goldsmith's memory was placed in this church in 1897. In 1730 his father, who had succeeded to the more lucrative parish of Kilkenny West, removed his family to Lissoy, County Westmeath.

Macaulay claims that Lissoy is not the Sweet Auburn of *The Deserted Village*. In view of the overwhelming evidence to the contrary it is rather a strange theory for a man of Macaulay's genius to put forward. Putting aside Goldsmith's nationality, his village, irrespective of what it was, is at his time or writing a *deserted* village, and only an Irish village like Lissoy has so many incidents, persons, places and things traced to it, identified and tagged beyond even the eloquence of Macaulay. Goldsmith's admirers, however, are not so much interested in such details, but what they do concern themselves with is the beauty of his sentiments, which not only gave Goldsmith what is denied to many literary men, the knowledge that his work was appreciated during his own short life of less than fifty years, but caused his old friend, the immortal Sam Johnson, to write for his monument in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, that beautiful inscription: "He touched nothing which he did not adorn."

Oliver was considered dull at school and college; just managing to scrape through his B.A. in 1749. In 1751 he was rejected for holy orders by the Bishop of Elphin. We cannot imagine Goldsmith a village preacher on £40 a year and never changing nor wishing to change his place. He next tried tutoring; then law at his uncle's expense; both with disastrous results. After being again financed by his patient uncle, he tried physic at Edinburgh in 1752, and was admitted a member of the Medical Society of Edinburgh in 1753. The following year he went to Leyden, and in 1755 left Leyden and travelled on foot through France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, supporting himself by disputations at colleges and his flute. Johnston made a pun of the occasion by declaring: "Why, sir, he disputed his passage through Europe." During these peregrinations, he actually obtained an M.B. degree somehow, somewhere. But the most enduring souvenir of his wanderings is *The Traveller*, as Byron's *Pilgrimage of Childe Harold* is a record of his tour made half a century later under much more comfortable circumstances.

Goldsmith had a happy-go-lucky way of letting tomorrow take care of itself. This failing was illustrated in a very practical manner when

the manuscript of *The Vicar of Wakefield* was sold. Boswell tells us that Goldsmith was arrested in bed at the request of his landlady. He sent an urgent message to Johnson, who sent a guinea and said he would be over shortly. When Johnson arrived Goldsmith had already changed his guinea and was

"O'er a' the ills o' life victorious"

with a bottle of Madeira and a glass in front of him. After Johnson had corked the bottle, Goldsmith explained that he had a novel ready for the press. Johnson "looked into it and saw its merit;" went off to a bookseller, and brought back £60 to Goldsmith. The circumstances have been painted by the late E. M. Ward, R.A. It shows Johnson reading the manuscript; Goldsmith sitting with his back to his long-suffering landlady; while she stands

"Gathering her brows like gathering storm;
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm;"

and wondering what it has to do with the payment of her rent. While the glory is Goldsmith's, it will not be amiss here to say that generations yet unborn will bless the memory of the big-hearted Johnson for the part—and it was no small one—which he played in getting *The Vicar of Wakefield* published. This great work is in itself sufficient to place Goldsmith amongst the immortals. Goldsmith has been regarded as one of the most unfortunate of unfortunates, but in this instance he was provided with an outlet for his genius. It may have been the lack of some similar opportunity which caused Gray to write:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

As a playwright alone Goldsmith has earned a reputation which will ensure his memory being kept green. Despite the transition from the stage to the movies, *She Stoops to Conquer* still attracts large audiences of all classes, creeds, conditions and ages. There are many others, from *Edwin and Angelina* to *Retaliation* and *Stanzas on the Taking of Quebec*, which show his great versatility. But why elaborate? Just as the best study of mankind is man, so the best study of Goldsmith is Goldsmith's works.

Goldsmith's all too early death occurred in his forty-sixth year. He was buried in the Temple grounds within a stone's throw of St. Clement Danes, the church where Johnson so often worshipped. In a letter to Bennet Langton, Johnson thus describes the end: "He died of a fever, exasperated, as I believe, by the fear of distress. He had raised money and squandered it by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. But let not his frailties be remembered: he was a very great man."

Looking back, we, who are but weak humans ourselves, can acquiesce in the request of Goldsmith's rugged but very true friend; and the more time we spend in Goldsmith's company the more emphatically we shall endorse Johnson's opinion: "he was a very great man."

Cree Indian Legends

No. 1—How Chekapash Snared the Sun

(From the mouth of Capesitit)

By CHAS. H. M. GORDON, Fort Alexander

THE full story of Chekapash is very long, and his adventures are so numerous that it would take from freeze-up until open water to tell them all. These events took place when the earth was young.

You know that in the days of Maes the water opened and swallowed the earth; but Maes, who was a great conjuror, knew what was going to happen and was prepared for it. You know how he made a raft and was safe on it with the progenitors of the animals we now trap for food.

You also have heard how Maes, not having even a grain of sand to make a new earth from, sent first a rat, then an otter, and then a beaver to bring him some, but none of them could dive deep enough; and how, as a last resort, he sent a mink; how he spoke kindly to it, calling it his brother; how he tied to its tail a long deerskin line, one end of which he held in his hand, telling the mink to jerk it should it reach the bottom; how the mink did so and was pulled up more dead than alive; how rejoiced was Maes to find tightly clutched in its little paws a few grains of sand; how Maes took those same grains between the palms of his hands and rolled and rolled them until they became bigger and bigger, bigger and bigger, and how, when he dropped the ball into the water, it still kept growing. Yes, Maes was a great conjuror.

Yes, you have heard that long ere now. But Chekapash lived long before these things took place. The world was young then; the lakes were teeming with fish and every creek was alive with beaver. They were not as cunning as they are now; Chechepayouits was not yet king of the beaver, and they did not build their houses as they do now.

You know that the parents of Chekapash had been guilty of some great evil and were punished—they were eaten up by the Great Bear—but Chekapash avenged their death and slew the monster with his magic arrows and made two coats from its ears; one for himself and one for his sister.

Chekapash was a mighty hunter. He it is who lives in the moon. How he got there you all know. But I am wandering from my story; I must proceed. As I have already told you, Chekapash was an orphan and lived with his only sister. One day, being short of food, he started on a hunting expedition. He had not gone very far, when he noticed a plump squirrel sporting itself high up among the branches of an exceedingly high pine tree. Stringing his bow, he shot an arrow at it, expecting to see it fall; but instead his arrow got fast between the forks of a projecting branch. So the only way to get it down was to go for it himself.

He started to climb, but it mattered not how high he went the arrow kept at the same distance from him, and only then he noticed that they were both ascending. Determined not to lose his arrow he continued

climbing. Eventually he found himself in a strange country more beautiful than he could have imagined.

Whilst wandering about, he came upon a well-beaten path, the like of which he had never seen before. Chekapash, being a great hunter, knew the signs of all kinds of animals. Had he not the skulls of those he killed in the chase, from the huge black bear to the small weenusk, hung on his *mistokokan* (totem pole); of birds had he not the heads of the crane, loon, swan, wawje, and many other kinds, stuffed and decorated? But this was a track entirely different from any of those. At any rate, he made up his mind to remain until he found out what it was that made it. Having his bow in readiness, he waited; but at last fell asleep.

Suddenly, he awoke feeling uncomfortably warm, and, on looking up, saw a bright, fiery object approaching.

Chekapash, who was not easily frightened, called out, "*Owena, Kegwan?*" (Who is it? What do you want?) "Can you not go round in some other direction? You are making me feel very hot."

"No," says the *pesim* (sun), for such it was, "I cannot alter my course. I always go in that direction, and that is my track you are lying on."

"Well," said Chekapash, "I am tired and do not want to be disturbed. Be good enough to step over me."

"If I do," said the *pesim*, "you will get scorched."

"I will take chances on it," said Chekapash. So he lay quite still.

The sun approached closer and closer, and at last passed over him, the heat being so intense that it singed the bearskin coat he always wore. This put Chekapash into a great rage. So he called out after the sun, "I shall be even with you the next time I make your acquaintance."

On returning to his tent he asked his sister for something to make a snare. She at once cut a lock of her hair and handed it to him. Putting it in his mouth, he drew it from side to side, until it became *peewapiskapee* (wire).

He set off again; ascended the same tree; found the sun's path, set the snare, and returned to his tent to await results; and only then related the particulars of his adventures to his sister. Nothing happened for some considerable time. Then suddenly it became dark; and he knew he had snared the sun.

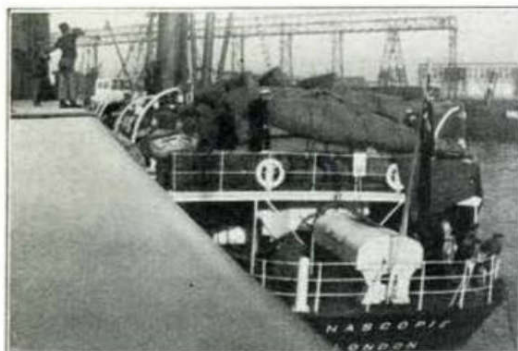
"Oh!" exclaimed his sister, "It will never do for us to be in darkness all the time. You must find some means to set it free."

"Let it remain there until I am ready," replied Chekapash.

After a while, she again told him to go and free the sun, as she was unable to do her work in the dark. So, at her bidding, away he went; but was unable to get near to the snare on account of the great heat.

Seeing a mouse some distance away, he called out to it, "Ho, brother! Come over and help me. Go and nibble at the snare and bite it through."

This particular kind of mouse, being protected by a thick coat of hair, went boldly up, cut the snare and released the sun, but got badly singed whilst doing so. Thus did Chekapash snare the sun, which, our forefathers say, was the reason for us having darkness."

*S.S. Nascopie loading**S.S. Nascopie leaving Montreal*

The Ship! The Ship!

What the Cry Means to Hudson's Bay Men in Hudson Bay and Baffin Land

By J. LEDINGHAM, Chief Engineer, *Nascopie*

UNLESS one is placed in somewhat similar circumstances, one cannot realize what the cry of "the ship" means to the lads at the Company's posts in isolated spots in Hudson Bay and Baffin Land. How they look forward to that event with no little excitement as ship time comes around! Then in a day or so the ship has come and gone. Undoubtedly the most important day in the year at the northern trading posts on the coast is the day the ship arrives; greater than Christmas Day or any other recognized holiday.

The ship's annual visit to the Company's posts in Hudson Bay and northern Baffin Land is an event looked forward to not only by those left in charge at these out-of-the-way spots but by those on the ship who are privileged to go from year to year (the writer has made fourteen such annual trips).

About the middle of July they know the ship is due to leave Montreal with all their requirements for the coming year. From records kept by them of previous years, they know almost to a day when to expect the ship. Some days before this they may be scaling the highest peaks in the vicinity to look for "smoke," as this is usually the herald of the ship's approach. From the time the cry of "the ship" arises until she is actually anchored, there is a feeling of importance and unrest at the station. Everyone talks about the ship; guessing who is on board and what new faces will appear.

After the first greetings are over, enquiry is for the "packet box" with the most important item, the mail. News from home! While they are busy opening the mail and finding secluded corners to glance through the letters and the steward is busy giving the Eskimos a good tuck in, the crew are getting ready the cargo boats, and unloading commences. The natives are sent ashore to carry the packages from the boats to the store. For perhaps a day in some cases to a week in others, everyone is handling

cargo and lending a hand generally to make the most of good weather, as it is not possible at all times to land cargo. Tides have to be taken into account, and most places are open roadsteads, where a strong breeze may make it impossible to work cargo. The doctor is also busily making his rounds, examining and treating natives for all kinds of ailments, pulling teeth, amputations, bandaging wounds. Whilst we were in port last year one Eskimo went to the R.C.M. Police for treatment for a sore throat. He was asked why he did not go to the doctor. "The doctor is cutting off fingers for a sore hand," he replied, "and maybe he cut my head off for a sore throat."

The natives dearly love a dance at ship time, and are greatly pleased if any from the ship attend.

Soon all the cargo is landed, the inspector has finished scrutinizing the post's books, boats are hoisted on board, the Blue Peter is flying, passengers are aboard, hand-shaking again and, amidst firing of guns and many "hurrahs," the ship heaves up anchor and slowly steams away out of sight around a bend.

At each post the procedure is much the same, until the last post is visited, cargo distributed and we leave them to their work and thoughts. We on the ship look forward to these annual visits and make the stay in port as pleasant and enjoyable as circumstances permit. By the end of October we are on our way south again to civilization.



Special Notice

This issue of *The Beaver* completes volume four.

It has been decided to publish quarterly in future, so that the next number will be the Christmas edition, December, 1924. It is our wish to make this a big, bright, interesting issue and we ask all our associate editors, post managers and general correspondents to bear it in mind and to send along the very best available material, also to collect an abundance of bright, chatty store and post news.

Do not curtail the material you send in, as we intend that our quarterly number shall be considerably larger in volume than the present monthly one, and the quality and quantity of subject matter sent in to us can alone decide the success and size of our future issues.—*The editor.*



Binders for The Beaver, Volume 4

Loose leaf binder covers for volume 4 of *The Beaver* are now ready and can be purchased at a cost of 60 cents each, postpaid.

Apply through the associate editor at your branch or write: Editor, *The Beaver*, Hudson's Bay Company, 79 Main Street, Winnipeg.

Canada's Musk-Ox

HALF a century ago large herds of musk-ox roamed in Canada's northern territories, and even as late as twenty-five years ago good-sized herds were to be found in many localities in the barren lands which extend from Great Slave lake to Hudson bay and from timber-line to the Arctic ocean. In the last few years, notwithstanding



Full Grown Musk-Ox

the protective measures adopted, these animals have become much reduced in number, and in several localities where they were formerly found they have disappeared altogether. The Dominion government, through the Department of the Interior, keeping in mind the successful effort to save the buffalo, has steadily striven to give the musk-ox such protection that

they might remain a permanent asset of the country.

The musk-ox is far more than an interesting zoological specimen. It is an animal that possesses qualities which may make of it great social and economic value to the Dominion. The government of Canada has to think not only of its wild animals but primarily of the thousands of aborigines who roam over the northland and who must be protected both from losses due to advancing settlement and from the results of their own ignorance and imprudence.

From year to year for a good many years past, the department has been steadily strengthening the laws and regulations to protect these animals. In 1917 the Northwest Game Act was passed, and by one of its clauses no persons except Indians, Eskimos, and half-breeds were allowed to kill musk-ox, and killing by these people was permitted only when they were in actual need of food. No person was permitted to trade in the pelt or any other part of the musk-ox. In 1919 there was appointed the royal commission on the reindeer and musk-ox to investigate the possibilities of establishing musk-ox and reindeer industries in the Arctic and sub-Arctic regions. The commission gathered much valuable information on the subject, later reporting on the situation and making a number of recommendations, some of which have been embodied in subsequent regulations.

The commissioner of the Northwest Territories, as empowered by the 1923 amendments to the Northwest Game Act, on 10th March, 1924,

issued a regulation prohibiting the use of dogs in the hunting and taking of game animals in the Northwest Territories. The significance of this regulation will be the more readily seen by those conversant with the habits of the musk-ox. It is a primal instinct of musk-ox to flee from man but to stand and form a circle when attacked by wolves or dogs. Native hunters have taken advantage of this fact to send on their dogs first and, since they have acquired modern firearms, which are effective at a very much greater range than their old bows and arrows, they have been able to kill the musk-ox in much greater numbers.

Reports of the continued wanton and unnecessary slaughter of the musk-ox by natives, which rumours were corroborated by missionaries and other responsible persons, necessitated the passing of an order-in-council on 8th April, 1924, prohibiting any person whatsoever from hunting or killing musk-ox at any time of the year. The order also prohibits any person from trafficking in these animals.

In order to ascertain whether a special musk-ox patrol would be advisable to reach districts not now covered by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, a special investigator has been appointed. This officer, who speaks the language of the natives, will, while pursuing his investigations, disseminate propaganda on the necessity for the conservation of the musk-ox and other wild-life.—*Natural Resources, Canada.*



Infringements on the Name "Hudson's Bay"

The *Fur Trade Review* for August, 1924, contains the under-noted paragraph regarding the right to use the same "Hudson's Bay" or imitations and adaptations of same. The action of Mr. Kosofsky under review did not relate to the Hudson's Bay Company, but was started in connection with a certain suit or suits which he instituted against some of his competitors.

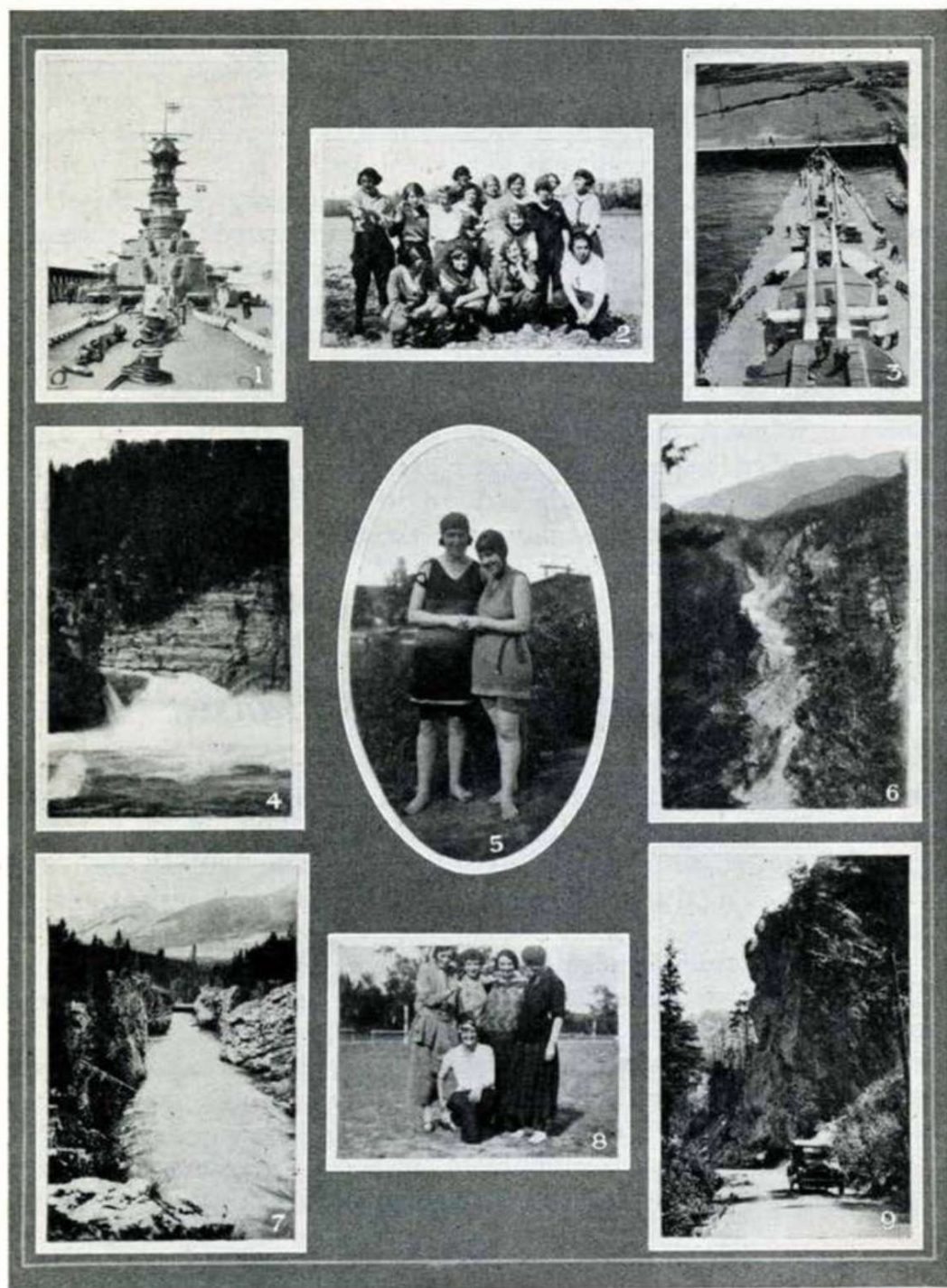
"A recent decision handed down by the court of appeals in New York denies the right of Aaron Kosofsky to the sole and exclusive use of the words or names 'Hudson Bay,' or 'Hudson Seal,' 'Hudson Bay Seal,' or similar trade names in which the words 'Hudson' or 'Hudson Bay' are used. In connection with this litigation, it is interesting to note that the one and only original Hudson's Bay Company of London intends to fight against the use of its name or imitations or copies of its name by fur firms that infringe on its good will and damage its prestige."



Our cover picture this month is from a photograph of Dr. A. Les Bannerman's collection of Indian moccasins. Dr. Bannerman lives in Winnipeg, is deeply interested in Indian lore and Indian handicraft, and is an enthusiast of life in the great open.

Guns, Girls and Geography

(Some H.B.C. Holiday Pictures)



1. H.M.S. Hood (by Conan Frayer); 2. Edmonton Store Hikers; 3. H.M.S. Hood (by Conan Frayer); 4. Lower Falls, Elk Canyon, B.C. (by H. W. Brewer); 5. Calgary Store Girls; 6. Elk Canyon, B.C. (by H. W. Brewer); 7. Devil's Canyon, Lake Minnewauka (by R. W. Mason); 8. The Hosiery Chorus, Calgary Store; 9. Entering Sinclair Canyon (by R. W. Mason).

Early Explorations of H.B.C.

No 2—Hendry's Journey of 1754—Continued

By J. PREST, Associate Editor, Edmonton

IN August number of *The Beaver* we followed Hendry in his journey from York Factory on the shores of the Hudson Bay right through to what is now the province of Alberta. Here he met for the first time certain tribes of Indians who were mounted on horses—the Blackfeet, Peigans, Bloods, Sarcees, Stoneys and Crees. We left them in their winter quarters in the wooded country between the modern Edmonton and Battleford trapping beaver and other fur to take back to York Factory in the spring.

Hendry relates that his camp was becoming sadly depleted by his Assiniboine Indians deserting him to join other roving bands who were also wintering in the district. So, when spring came, he lost no time in building canoes to bear the catch of fur down the Saskatchewan to Hudson Bay.

As they drifted down the river, hundreds of Indians were observed on the banks busily working on canoes, evidently all bent on making the trip with furs for York Factory.

At every camp that Hendry made, he was joined by other canoes heavily laden with fur. His heart must have thrilled, for was he not bringing wealth untold for the Hudson's Bay Company? There were now sixty canoes in the flotilla when Hendry pushed out into the stream four hundred miles from his starting place. Another two hundred miles were covered, when they reached a French trading post. Here Hendry was invited inside by those in charge and liberally entertained. This is where Hendry lacked wisdom; for no sooner had the sun set, when the Frenchmen in the post distributed ten gallons of brandy among the Indians and by morning had secured the pick of the furs. It was three days before the amazed Hendry could coax his Indians away from his hospitable hosts. Further down the river another French post was encountered, and the trick was repeated on Hendry. This time all the furs were bartered except the heavier and coarser pelts which were of little value.

On his arrival at York Factory his report about having met Indians on horseback and French traders so far inland was discredited. Words ensued between the governor at York and himself, which ended in Hendry leaving the service in disgust.

The Company, as the minutes show, voted him £20 gratuity for his journey inland, as much valuable information was obtained. It was no doubt owing to Hendry's report concerning the French traders being firmly established inland and intercepting furs bound for York that the Hudson's Bay Company took measures to build forts at all the most strategic points on the waterways leading to the Hudson Bay. It is perhaps safe to say that the fur trade of the Company was saved at this time through their action upon the information supplied by Hendry.



British Columbia Posts

No. 8—Dease Post

By C. H. FRENCH and WM. WARE, British Columbia District



ORIGINALLY established by Robert Campbell in 1838; abandoned in 1840, after trouble with natives; opened again at Laketon in 1875, and removed to Porter Landing in 1901, where it now operates.

As a fur centre it is of little account, but its mining business saves it from showing too great a loss. The real reason for its existence is to take care of forwarding McDames and Liard supplies. These supplies are carried by pack animals 72 miles north and west of Telegraph creek to the head of Dease lake. The Dease post manager meets the pack train with scows and carries the freight to the foot of the lake (28 miles), where his post is situated. The goods are then warehoused until the lower river scow men arrive to carry them on to destination.

Situation: Lower end Dease lake; Telegraph creek to head of lake by pack-train (72 miles), head of lake to north or lower end by scow (28 miles). Mail: summer, every ten days by packtrain; winter, twice by dogs from Telegraph creek. Industries: Trapping, mining. Population: 25 whites, 25 Indians. Post office.



Dog teams with supplies leaving Red Lake—Photo by J. W. McCaulxy, Red Lake Outpost

Winnipeg Joint Picnic at Selkirk Park, July 26th, 1924



The joint picnic of the executive and chief accountant's offices, the fur trade, land and wholesale departments, Winnipeg, held on the afternoon of July 26th at Selkirk park was a splendid success. Over three hundred employees, their wives, families and friends attended, and all had a thoroughly enjoyable time. The refreshments tent was working at capacity all afternoon; the sports programme was carried through throughly snappily, and the manner in which the arrangements for the serving of the set-down refreshments were carried out was an example of model organisation and efficient help working tandem. The entire committee in charge deserve much credit for their unselfish work toward the success of the day, and particularly Bill Edmonds, of the wholesale, who acted as secretary and did not spare himself from the time he first mooted the holding of the picnic to the loading up of the trucks at Selkirk park for the return journey. On another page is given a complete list of the senior sports events and the names of the prize winners.

News from Stores, Posts and Branches

Associate editors might kindly give, whenever possible, the initials or Christian names of all persons mentioned in news briefs (also designate whether Miss, Mrs. or Mr.), as this ensures uniformity in setting up.

Vancouver

STORE PICNIC

"It was the best picnic we have ever had, and that is saying something." That's what one of the jolly fellows said of the big Hudson's Bay store picnic held at Bowen Island on August 6th.

"They grow better and better every year," someone else added. "We are getting better acquainted with one another, and no one could help but have a good time with a crowd like we had that day."

This sentiment was generally echoed. Nothing seemed to have been forgotten by the management of the big affair. Easily 1000 people took in the picnic. An advance company had gone out in the morning to make preparations, and when the main body of pleasure-seekers arrived on the *Lady Alexandra*, not a minute was wasted. The grounds were ready and the fun started from the drop of the hat.

When the games were all over, supper was ready. Talk about picnic suppers! Chef Knechtle, of the Hudson's Bay, and his whole organization stood at the back of it.

The day was a perfect one. "It was only a half-day," someone remarked enthusiastically, "but it was the biggest half-day of fun I have had in many a day."

Manager Lockyer, F. S. Garner, of the publicity department, H. R. P. Gant, chairman of the social committee, Ed. Williams, chairman of the sports committee, supervised everything to perfection. Nothing was overlooked.

After supper a couple of hours of dancing in the big auditorium at the island was enjoyed, and the trip home was all too short for the jolly crowd.

The following is a list of the prize winners in the various events:

Tug-of-war—This event was won by a team from the furniture department, with

J. O. Brian (anchor), A. Wester, F. Baker, C. Clark, G. S. Sudbury and J. Galbraith.

Obstacle race, 100 yards—1, E. Purdy; 2, F. G. Hunter; 3, G. Adamson.

Junior girls, 6 years and under—1, R. Ronan; 2, G. McCulley; 3, R. Clarke.

Putting 12-pound shot—1, G. Galbraith; 2, E. Purdy; 3, R. C. Leary; 4, F. G. Hunter.

Junior girls' race, 7 to 12 years—1, G. Clanket; 2, P. Pritchard; 3, M. Walker.

Junior boys' race, 7 to 12 years—1, Bert Child; 2, J. Hooson; 3, J. Munro.

Girls' race, 13 to 17 years—1, C. Howden; 2, B. Barnard; 3, R. Anderson; 4, W. Bailey.

Boys' race, 13 to 17 years—1, C. Taylor; 2, A. Boone; 3, W. Logue; 4, G. Adamson.

Ladies' race, 18 years and over—1, Miss Bryant; 2, F. Marshall; 3, Helen Arthur.

Men's race, 100 yards open—1, J. Galbraith; 2, F. G. Hunter; 3, E. Purdy.

Ladies' nail driving contest—1, G. Reaubeault; 2, R. Anderson; 3, R. Bryant; 4, M. Lock.

Mixed three-legged race—1, Miss R. Anderson and A. Yates; 2, Miss C. Fleche and J. Penny; 3, Miss Ina Bunch and A. Boone.

In a special race for the wives of employees, 100 yards, in which the prizes were donated by Mrs. Lockyer, the winners were Mrs. Clifford and Mrs. Ronan.

SERVICE MEDALS PRESENTED

E. Henley

On Wednesday morning, August 13th, the general manager presented to E. Henley (on behalf of the Hudson's Bay Company) the silver medal in recognition of his fifteen years of faithful service, with the hope that Mr. Henley would long be spared to serve the Company as loyally and faithfully as he had in the past. Edward Henley entered the Company's service in 1909 in the capacity as elevator operator, which position he held for six months, being afterwards promoted to the receiving room, where he remained for nine years, being then promoted to return clerk; this position he still holds. He is a native of London, England.

Joe Saunders

The general manager (on behalf of the Hudson's Bay Company) also presented Joe Saunders with his medal in recognition of his fifteen years of loyalty and service, expressing the hope that he would live long to continue in the employ of the Company. Born in Birmingham, England, and coming to Canada 22 years ago, Joe Saunders made his first stop at Winnipeg, where he entered the Company's service in the shipping department, proceeding later to Vancouver. He joined the Company here, where he was taken on in the furniture department as packer, which position he held for five years. He was then made janitor, a position which had been vacated by Mr. Herbert, and which Mr. Saunders has retained ever since.

FALL, 1924—AND WHAT?

Some of us have been thinking about this question "What," and for some time; others will begin to think about it when they read this item.

We believe fall, 1924, will be a new record-breaking season for this store. Everything seems to point in that direction. Business people are optimistic—the Company is optimistic and have shown their optimism in sending Mr. Wilson, Miss Currie, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Sharpe, Mr. Dale and Mr. McLaughlin on buying trips to Europe, and every other buyer has been or is going to the eastern markets to buy what our patrons need to fill their requirements for fall and winter.

The store, too, has taken on its winter schedule; so, as far as the organization is concerned, everything possible has been done to do the quota which the Company has set us to do. You will be glad to know, too, that at date of writing business shows a nice improvement on last year. We are entering the month of September with every assurance that the fall business will be brisk.

The first of the month will see the continuance of school opening, to be followed by millinery and fall openings, and other attractions.

The success of the fall business depends on you—the parcel clerk as much as the delivery man; the sales clerk equally with the management—for it is not only in the

volume of sales that we must succeed: we must do this additional volume with *service* correspondingly increased, given in the Hudson's Bay courteous way.

The department managers are getting the merchandise, and we are going to do our part to see that the fall business measures up to the expectation of the management.

There is a satisfaction, too, in knowing that, so far as the sales-people are concerned, the more volume they make the greater their remuneration.

Remember the "introduction" idea. It's the "introduction" business that makes the added volume.

PRESENTATION TO MISS HYDE

Before her departure for San Francisco, Miss B. Hyde, who was in charge of the audit office, was made the recipient of a beautiful white gold wrist-watch and silver hand-bag by her co-workers in the store. She will be greatly missed by all her friends.

Women of the Samoan Islands wear their hair cut short and the men wear theirs long. We wonder whether the Samoan fashion is invading Canada.

Miss Chrissie Robertson, of the bakery section, has left the store. Her marriage to Mr. R. Lamond, of the provision section, is scheduled to take place Monday, August 18th. The best wishes of the entire staff go out to them in their married life.

Mrs. Milan, head waitress in the dining room, has gone on holidays.

Mrs. Strong, checker in the cafeteria, returned from an enjoyable motor trip to Seattle and Tacoma.

Miss M. Carter, of the jewellery section, spent the major portion of her holidays visiting the American cities to the south.

A five-weeks vacation for Miss MacAffee, of the children's wear department, ought to find her in tip-top form on her return.

We are glad to welcome Miss Cunliffe, of the children's wear department of the Company's store in Calgary, to our staff.

The heartfelt sympathy of the entire staff goes out to Miss Caunt, of the hair-dressing department, recently bereaved through the death of her mother.

Mr. Sid Ward, formerly of the Victoria store, is a newcomer in the silk department.

Mr. Knechtle, our smiling chef, spent a jolly two-weeks' vacation with his family motoring to Seattle, Anacortes, thence to Victoria and Qualicum Beach (also the famous Malahat drive); then to Nanaimo and Vancouver.

We welcome Mr. C. W. Smith to the delicatessen; also Mr. Galbraith to the furniture section.

The Misses L. Long, S. McLean, M. Young, Dunhagan, Heale, and Meaking and Mrs. M. Dryden are away on holidays. Also Mr. Dresser and Mr. F. Joliffe.

Miss A. K. Smith is expected home shortly from her European buying trip.

Mr. Barlow is away on his holidays and is missed by all.

Mr. McLaughlin left on August 6th for the east and will include all the large cities during his purchasing trip in the interests of his department. His assistant, Mr. Spink, will have charge during his absence.

Miss Morley, of the executive office, is away on her holidays.

Miss E. Paul, of the merchandise office, has been placed in charge of the audit office. What we all know of Miss Paul's capable characteristics assures us of her success in this new position.

Mr. R. Bowcott, of the hardware department, has just returned from a week's vacation spent motoring on the other side.

Mr. Mackie is packing his lunch basket preparatory to a well-earned holiday. He will be accompanied by "his yacht."

Mr. J. Rudson, of the silks and wash-goods department, spent his holidays fishing at Seal Island, Caulfields. He reports a wonderful run of salmon and trout, the average catch ranging from seven and a half to twelve pounds each.

Miss E. Lindsey, of the audit office, was presented with a lovely box of silverware prior to her marriage to Mr. Beatty.

Mr. Becklake, of the silk section, has left on a vacation to Salmon Arm. Mrs. Becklake and the kiddies are at present visiting the ranch of a brother-in-law at that point.

Mr. W. Dickson, of the staples, enjoyed a vacation at Seattle and Bellingham.

Miss M. MacKay has returned from her holidays.

D. Dale, buyer for our men's and boys' furnishing departments, and W. J. McLaughlin, buyer for our silks and dress goods departments, both left on Tuesday, the 5th August, on an extended trip to Europe.



SPORTS

Ed. Williams Winning Athletic Fame

We've certainly got to hand it to this chap as an all-round track and field champion this season, for he has captured almost everything in sight in the way of cups, etc. He has three championships to his credit: 1, North Vancouver Caledonian championship; 2, Vancouver Caledonian championship; 3, Y.M.C.A. and Greater Vancouver Amateur Athletic Association cup for being highest scorer in eight handicap meets held throughout the season.

In the North Vancouver sports at Mahon Park, July 1st, he won three firsts and one third—first in 100 yards, first in 120 yard hurdles, first in the broad jump (distance 19 feet), third in 220 yards.

At the Vancouver Caledonian sports, August 2nd, he took five individual firsts

and was captain of a medley relay team which negotiated one mile in three minutes 48 seconds. As an all-round track and field champion, he received the trophy donated by Major-General A. D. McRae, which must be won three years in succession before it becomes property of winner. Results of the five events are as follows: 100 yards open, 10 2-5 seconds; 100 yards handicap (E. Williams running from scratch), 10 1-5 seconds; 220 yards open, 23 2-5 seconds; 120 yards high hurdles, 18 seconds; broad jump, 21 feet 3½ inches.

Williams lays his all-round performance on August 2nd to "condition." He was at top form. Results in anything cannot be obtained without work, and he has trained consistently all summer and followed the instructions of his coach.

Football—Now that the summer season is well advanced, one begins to cast about for information regarding winter sports. We are planning to place a first-class football team in the field. It is three years now since we have had a team in the Wednesday league, but there is certainly material to be had this year. The Hudson's Bay Company should make a good showing.

Swimming—Last year we had a very successful season at Chalmer's swimming pool. The attendance was good all through the term. This year we plan even better things. We hope to obtain the use of Memorial Church pool and gymnasium. This is a newer and better tank than Chalmers', and in addition the gymnasium is one of the most up-to-date in the city.

Send along all sport suggestions to the committee.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another, you have only an extemporaneous, half possession.—*Emerson*.

Patricia—"Is your husband in *Who's Who*?"

Pamela (indignantly)—"No; my husband is in no zoo."

Victoria

OUR JULY SALE

We are pleased to report that the July sale proved another great success. As in our last sale, a competition was arranged between the various departments, a money prize being offered to each member of the department securing the greatest percentage of increase over the figures of last year. As an added feature, a silver cup was offered for the floor making the best showing. Mr. Martin's staff is to be congratulated upon winning the money prize as well as securing the cup.

ANNUAL PICNIC

The annual store picnic was held on Wednesday, August 20th, the destination this year being Port Angeles.

After lunch was served at the store, the happy crowd of about 500 employees and friends sailed on the *S.S. Adelaide*, leaving at two o'clock.

Through a fortunate arrangement made by the committee, the party was accompanied by the 16th Scottish Band and a large number of their friends.

Upon arrival at Port Angeles after a delightful two hours' sail, made even more enjoyable by a splendid programme of music and dancing, the party set out at once for the picnic grounds, where races were run and games were played. At six o'clock everyone sat down to an appetizing meal, which proved a great credit to the committee in charge. The time for departure came all too soon, but the trip home by moonlight (or was there a moon? We forget.) proved just as delightful as any part of the day's programme.

After a month's holiday down south, Miss MacDougal is back in the tea room looking the better for her change.

We were glad to welcome to Victoria H. Warren, advertising manager of the Calgary store. Mr. Warren showed his good judgment in coming to Victoria for his vacation.

California may be all right, but they can't keep away from little old Victoria. Mrs. Morgan, of the restaurant staff, is back again to stay, and we are pleased to

welcome her. Mrs. Steitz and Miss Irvine, both late members of the restaurant staff, were recently in Victoria spending a holiday, as also was Miss Zarelli, late of the office staff.

Miss Workman, of the millinery department, and Miss Grimason, of the ready-to-wear, have recently returned from visits to the eastern markets.

Mrs. Abbott, of the art needlework section, spent eight or ten days down south visiting the big stores of Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

By the time this issue is in the hands of our readers we shall have lost another fair member of our staff. Miss Isabel Taylor, lately in charge of the library, is to be married on September 3rd. We wish her long life and happiness.

Welcome to Mrs. Worthington, as superintendent of the library.

Miss Mary Whiffin is to be a bride on September 29th.

Miss Doris Welsh has left the store in order to join the Telephone Company's staff. As a token of kindly feeling and good wishes for the future, her many friends in the grocery department presented her with an ivory boudoir lamp and picture frame.

Mr. Lovat is spending a few weeks' holiday in Victoria. We are all glad to renew his acquaintance. He is yet another late member of our staff who finds that Victoria is a pretty good place.

After spending a period of thirty-six long months at his lonely watch on the north shores of Vancouver Island, where government liquor stores are scarce, a lighthouse keeper who had arrived in the city the previous day came in for a new hat. Said he, when asked what size hat required, "Oh, I think it must be about size twelve this morning."

SPORTS

Cricket—The store cricket team has been making a remarkably showing this season, four consecutive wins having been recorded.

Our Cowichan friends paid us a return call on July 30th, the match, which was

played at Beacon Hill park, resulting in a decisive win for the Bay.

To the Hudson's Bay team went the credit of winning the first match in the new Wednesday Cricket League, defeating Cranleigh House by 102 to 75.

Tennis—Tennis players are once again reminded that there are two excellent tennis courts available for the use of our employees. The location is at the corner of Chambers and Caledonia, very nearly at the end of the Fernwood car line.



Vernon

A. Taylor paid us a flying visit on the 6th of August, when he accompanied D. Dale to Vernon. Mr. Taylor returned to Kamloops the same evening, carrying with him the good wishes of the Vernon staff.

J. A. Henderson, buyer of the grocery department, who has been very ill, is convalescing, and anticipates taking a holiday at Sugar Lake.

Tom Harrison, of our shipping department, who has been very ill in hospital, is slowly recovering.

A. Wakefield, our store cashier, is looking forward to her holidays with a trip to the coast. We wonder if that is the reason for the sunny smile.

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Caspell, and F. E. Wakefield of our dry goods department, recently left on a motor trip to the coast.

A. J. Stephenson is spending his holidays in Salmon Arm.

" 'Tis well to be off with the old love before you go on with the new." We wonder how Annie does it. We'd like to know.

L. Livingstone, ready-to-wear buyer, left Vernon August 7th for the east to buy for her department. During Miss Livingstone's trip she visited Toronto, Montreal and New York to secure the very latest in women's coats, suits, dresses, waists, millinery, lingerie, etc. Upon her return she stopped off at Winnipeg to spend a few days at her home.

Kamloops

We take our hats off to the following members of the staff who exceeded their quotas for July: T. Calderhead, F. Littlewood, L. A. Miller, E. Baxter.

We extend a hearty welcome to the following new members of our staff: M. J. Moulder in the position of accountant in place of A. V. Alexander, who resigned to take over the management of the Union Oil Company plant in Kamloops; Mr. Thwaites to the house furnishing and crockery department; Miss Clarke to the ready-to-wear and children's departments in place of Miss Lucas, who is returning to the coast.

Our store seems to be a happy hunting ground for brides. This time it was M. McCormick who obeyed Cupid's call. She is now Mrs. Lee Weatherby. The female members of the staff gave her a shower at the home of her mother, Mrs. L. McCormick, and they all claim it was one of the best evenings they have ever spent. The Company, in wishing her every happiness, presented her with a small token in remembrance of her long service for the Bay and of many happy days.

M. Sargent and L. A. Miller have returned from their vacation. J. Walker is also back again after a two-weeks holiday.

A. A. Milne and family are spending their holidays at Fish Lake. We may look out for some big fish on his return.

We are sorry to lose E. Baxter, who has endeared herself to the staff during her stay with us. She leaves with our best wishes for her future welfare. Miss Baxter obeyed a parental call to join them in Vancouver.

The park keeper wants to know what caused the river to rise the other Sunday morning. Perhaps the H.B.C. girls could enlighten him. We would like to have got a snapshot.

A. Taylor, M. J. Moulder and Miss Lucas motored to Tranquille sanatorium the other night at the invitation of the Elks Club bandmaster.

The band of thirty members was taken out by members of the club and the music rendered during their hour-and-a-half stay was much appreciated by the patients, nurses and children and friends.

While there, they visited George Henderson, who has been a patient for over ten years. His geniality and patience is remarkable, and his interest in the Company is as strong as ever. He says his greatest joy is to receive the monthly issue of *The Beaver*.

Miss Lucas also visited Miss Durand, of Vancouver. The hope of a quick recovery is uppermost in her mind. She certainly is much better, and we hope it will not be long before she will be able to leave the institution.

The girl members of the staff have formed a basket-ball team, so we will have lots of fun to record from time to time. Now it is up to the men to be a good second and do likewise.

On Wednesday last, our closing half-day, our acting manager and David Dale, of Vancouver, made a speedy trip to Vernon, covering the distance of 72 miles in three and a quarter hours. Mr. Dale truly said he was actually being speeded on his European trip. He enjoyed the drive immensely. After a lengthy conversation and an exchange of views on business matters with Mr. Pout, the Vernon manager, Mr. Taylor returned to Kamloops the same evening.



The Making of Chief Red Head

Calgary

THE MAKING OF CHIEF RED HEAD

(See illustration on page 451)

A very interesting ceremony was performed at the exhibition grounds, in front of the Hudson's Bay trading post, when F. M. Johnston, manager of the Hudson's Bay store at Calgary, was made a Sarcee chief.

All the visiting tribes of Indians were represented at this ceremony. The Indian chiefs assembled at the trading post shortly before noon. Mr. Johnston was busily engaged in conversation with those of the chiefs who could speak English, when Chief Buffalo Child Longlance called the meeting to order and made his opening speech.

The chiefs and their squaws were arranged in a semi-circle, with Chief Longlance and Mr. Johnston in the centre. Chief Longlance then made an introductory speech to the Indians, calling attention to the fact that the first Hudson's Bay trader to represent the famous old Company at Calgary had been made a Sarcee chief—"Chief Redhead"—and in commemoration the chiefs had decided that Mr. Johnston should bear the same name.

Mr. Johnston was then commanded to kneel before Chief Longlance, who, with upraised arrow, pronounced him "Chief Red Head" of the Sarcees. Following this announcement by Longlance, all the chiefs and their squaws applauded, signifying their approval. Chief Longlance then shook hands with Mr. Johnston, and a similar ceremony was performed by all the other chiefs.

The assemblage was then addressed by Mr. Johnston, who informed them of his great appreciation of the honour they had conferred upon him, and assured them of the continuation of the friendly feeling between the old Company and the Indians.

The Calgary H.B.C. staff extends a hearty welcome to the following new employees: Mrs. Medley, drapery department; Mr. MacVey, drapery department; Mr. Love, hardware department; Mr. Greig, assistant to Mr. Ross, buyer of ladies' furs.

The following buyers recently visited the Calgary store *en route* to Europe: Mr. McLaughlin, buyer of dress fabrics, Vancouver; Mr. D. Dale, buyer men's and boys' clothing, Vancouver; Miss O'Grady, buyer of hosiery and gloves, Winnipeg. Other visitors were: A. J. Roberts, buyer of dress fabrics, Edmonton store; B. H. Cooke, buyer men's and boys' clothing, Edmonton store; Mr. Thompson, buyer of various departments for the Lethbridge store.

Mr. Bently, of the china department, has left the Calgary store to take a position with another firm.

The stork left a baby boy at the home of George Brower recently. Mr. Brower is not the only one thus honoured. Harold Keith reports an addition to his family also—a little daughter. Congratulations, brethren!

Mr. Thomason, superintendent of our garage, is enjoying a holiday with his family at Sylvan lake.

S. Edgar, accompanied by his father, motored to Banff, Windermere, Spokane, Seattle and Portland during his vacation. He reports a most enjoyable trip.

Jas. H. Bodel spent a few pleasant days with his family at Gull lake.

The marriage of B. Lamont, of the dress goods department, and J. D. Morrison, of the delivery department, took place at Calgary recently. Before leaving, Miss Lamont was presented with a cut-glass water set from the staff of the dress goods, silks and staples departments, while Mr. Morrison was the recipient of a handsome clock from his fellow-workers in the delivery section.

Lou Doll, of our sporting goods department, was in Saskatoon during the Western Canada golf championship.

The dealer had taken on a new boy and was giving him instructions. "Now, if while I am out a customer wants to look at a mandolin, flute or piccolo, you know what to show him?"

Boy—"Yes, sir."

Dealer—"And suppose he should want to see a lyre?"

Boy—"I'd ask him to wait until you came in, sir."

Edmonton

STAFF PICNIC AT ALBERTA BEACH

The annual staff picnic, which was held at Alberta beach, proved as usual a great success. The weather was perfect and everyone had a splendid time. On arrival at the beach, a good programme of sports was run off and some very fine racing was witnessed. Of special interest was a baseball game between *Kate MacRae's Men Haters* and *The Fresh Guys*. This game proved to be the tit-bit of the day, the girls beating the boys by the score of 7-6.

Great credit is due to Herbert Taylor for the admirable manner in which the catering was done. The committee who helped to make this event so great a success comprised: Mrs. Kate Duncan, Misses A. Ford, Doris McLeod and H. Miller; Messrs. H. Taylor, F. Smith, W. Stevens and B. Crockett. The judges were J. B. Wallace and H. G. Munro.

P. Godsell was a visitor to the stampede, and as usual was found at the Indian camp renewing acquaintances with the red men. P. Godsell is quite an authority on Indians, and has written many articles for *The Beaver* on the subject.

J. Prest, advertising manager, is once again on the job after having spent three weeks in the hospital, the result of severe injuries received by being thrown from his horse. An automobile crashed into him while on his way back to town from the stampede. Satisfactory progress has been made and his complete recovery is soon to be looked for.

Mrs. Ness, of the office staff, has returned after several weeks in the hospital, where she had to undergo a serious operation. We were pleased to see her looking so well considering all things.

Miss Vinnie Cox, assistant to Mr. Ballard, left Saturday 9th to be married. Her loss to the store will be keenly felt, as Vinnie is one of our most competent and trusted employees, having been with the Edmonton store in various departments for the past six years. Our heartiest and most sincere wishes for her happiness in the future are tendered.

Miss Mae Doherty, department manager of the gloves, hosiery and knit underwear sections, has also left us for the same reason—to be married. The news was indeed a surprise as Mae has served no less than ten years with the Company and was looked upon as a fixture here. Upon her departure for Fargo, North Dakota, where she will in future reside, she was presented by the Company with silverware and by her staff with a club bag. Who will be next?

C. Digney, our window trimmer, has returned after two weeks holidaying, looking in the pink of condition and ready to meet all fall requirements.

The following have returned from their holidays: Misses Whitley, Spencer, Harvey, Gould, Gibbons, Shannon, Whitton, Cooper, Sheppard, Ritson, Bell, Hoyle, Ford, Tidsbury, Gordon, Fletcher, Noble, Bowen, Parker, Atwell, Dunlop, White, Eakin, Albers and Meikle; Messrs. Burgot, Patterson, Greaves, Coghill, Fulton, Locker, Smith, McFarlane, Harris, Kenny, Hawes and Cook. All report a wonderful time.

Mrs. Ness, of the office staff, wishes to thank the staff for the many kindnesses shown her while confined to the hospital during her serious operation; also the office staff for the beautiful flowers sent her.

COULD YOU IMAGINE—

Walter Stevens in a full-dress evening suit?

Harold Husel at a fancy dress ball dressed as a fairy, or Vic. Smith as a Roman gladiator?

Kate MacRae taking back-talk from anybody?

Bert Crockett with a red beard reaching almost to the floor?

Jerry Higgins in a boxing bout with Walter Stevens?

Genevieve Faber forgetting to bring her powder puff?

Lillian Saunders with bobbed hair?

Freddy Tappendon calling himself a Yankee?

George Lockey at a store social singing "I Love You Truly?"

Sandy McPherson forgetting to punch the clock?

Saskatoon

ANNUAL PICNIC

The staff held its annual picnic on Wednesday, August 13th, at Watrous. The special train, which left at 1.15, carried about four hundred passengers, about three hundred being H.B.C. employees and their friends. The party arrived at Watrous at three o'clock. The afternoon was spent in swimming in the lake and in the heated pool. The out-door lunch was arranged at five o'clock, after which the evening was spent in dancing. The executives of the committee are to be congratulated upon the skilful arrangement of the whole affair. This most successful gathering cannot fail to strengthen the spirit of harmony and good-fellowship which exists throughout the store.

Mr. Sutherland, manager of the silks, dress goods and staples, Mr. Tupman, manager of the grocery department, and Mr. Hummitch, manager of the shoe department, are at present on holidays.

Mr. Faulkner, manager of the men's clothing department, has left for Europe on a buying trip.

We welcome the following newcomers: Miss Thomas in the receiving room, Mr. McKinnon in the shoe department, and Mr. Brant in the grocery.

We regret to note the illness of Wilfred Campbell, and also of Mr. Barnett's little daughter, Violet.

Miss Sarah Patton, of the audit department, is visiting her parents at Radville. In her hurry Sarah mislaid her wrist watch, hence the following:

Tick-Tick

Sarah's on a holiday.
Behold our little fairy
Playing where the gophers play,
Flitting o'er the prairie.

Sarah's on a holiday.
Gosh! But the place is quiet.
Never mind, she'll soon be back,
Then there'll be a riot.

Sarah's on a holiday.
Say, listen! That's not all.
We'll hear about the *time* she had:
She's bought an Ingersoll.
—C. L. Hurling.

Yorkton

We welcome L. McMillan and P. Prout to the office staff, also Mrs. McPhee to the ladies' ready-to-wear department.

Annie Hall, of the candy section, has left the Bay to take up matrimonial duties.

Holidays are the order during August, and E. Fleck and G. Smith, V. Cutting, N. S. McMillan, C. Orchard, C. Moline and A. O. Orchard are all looking their best on returning to business.

The re-arrangement of the fixtures on the ground floor has effected a great improvement in the general appearance of the store.



Winnipeg Retail

The bureau of adjustment staff, inspectors, and a few invited friends held a merry picnic outing to Grand Marais on Saturday, August 9th, at the camp of Mr. and Mrs. Pearson. Among those enjoying this memorable half-holiday outing were: Beryl Gould, Violet Manley, Phylis Gibb, Ethel Reid, Hetty Shaw, Freda Bjornson, Elsie Buhr, Margaret Seater, Phylis Foster, Margaret Brown, Peggy Mason, Salome Thorbergson, Sid Birch, Lily Shaw and two wee lassies, Gracie Wood and Phylis Perry. An informal programme of sports was held, the prize winners being Peggy Mason, Salome Thorbergson and Elsie Buhr. Then there were bathing and frolics, and songs on the beach. Everyone enjoyed the plenteous refreshments provided by Mrs. Pearson.

THE SURPRISE OF THE SEASON

Sidney Brooks, one of the most popular members of the men's furnishing department, on Wednesday, August 20th, led to the altar of Holy Trinity Church Miss E. Ferguson, of William Avenue, Winnipeg, where they were united in holy matrimony.

Not a word of the happy event did Sidney breathe to his associates, the fact only leaking out a day or two after he had left for his summer vacation.

The happy pair will spend the honeymoon in British Columbia and California ere returning to settle down in Winnipeg.

The boys of the department are planning a surprise for Sidney when he returns.

Miss Florence O'Grady left August 11th for a visit to the Company's other western stores prior to leaving for a trip to Europe early in September. She will be away for about two months buying gloves, hosiery and women's undergarments for all the stores.

Miss Livingstone, of the Vernon store, called in on her way east to say, "How do!" to her many old-time friends in the Winnipeg store. She is looking well and is as jolly as ever.

Mrs. Sperry spent several weeks during August in the east buying the latest corsets and brassieres for her department. Miss Kitching also spent part of August in the States and Eastern Canada, buying the newest in millinery.

A. T. G. Farquhar returned from his European buying trip on August 9th looking the picture of health. In company with Miss Woodhead he spent the summer in England, Scotland, France and Switzerland. Mr. Farquhar has secured a magnificent stock of silks and woollens for the fall and winter trade. Miss Woodhead was buying women's ready-to-wear, and has secured an unusually fine assortment of gowns, coats, blousewear and such important feminine articles of attire. Things look bright for increased business in these departments next season.

Miss Woodhead returned on August 22nd and, after spending a busy yet thoroughly enjoyable trip, says she is very glad to get back to Winnipeg.

Violet Manley has left with her parents to make a new home in Vancouver. We will miss Violet's pleasant smile around the store.

We are glad to have Violet Parker back with us. She has been away on sick leave for over six weeks. We hope Violet will now enjoy continued good health.

LOOK, GIRLS!

Wanted—A young lady who will gather news of interest around the store and jot it down for *The Beaver*. The girls are falling down badly in this regard. You all look eagerly for your copy when it is issued, but if you find it filled with news about men's sports, business matters and buyers' activities, and find no news of the girls' doings, the first thing you say is "Oh, there's nothing in *The Beaver* this month."

It is the associate editor's wish to make the store news interesting to everyone, but if he gets no co-operation from the feminine staff (who far outnumber the men) how can he succeed?

Now girls, all don't speak at once, but for goodness sake, ACT!

WE WONDER

If Lyon really can play football?
Where the summer went to this year?
What the winter will be like?
What Bob Cunningham sees in golf?
How Davison gets that way?
Why Sidney Brooks kept it so quiet?
Why all the stiffness of joints after the football game?
What Miss Woodhead saw in Paris?
Why A. T. G. Farquhar liked the Wembley exhibition "Midway" so well?

SPORT

Golf Competition

August saw great progress made in this interesting competition. At time of going to press the names of those who will contest the final are known, viz., T. F. Reith (scratch), Walter Davison (handicap 18),

The semi-finals were played August 17th, over the fine municipal links. Reith (scratch), Bowdler (15), Davison (18) and Harrison (15). A very dour struggle was the game between the former pair, the match only finishing at the 17th green with Reith two up and one. Harrison was badly off form and Davison was playing splendid golf, consequently was four up at the turn. He held his advantage and finally won the match by 4 up and 3.

Scores on this round were: Reith, 87; Bowdler, 102; Davison, 96; Harrison, 104.

Reith entered the finals by defeating first Pearson (handicap 27) by 8 up and 7; Dunbar (handicap 15) was next defeated by 3 up and 2. Davison won the first round against Carter (handicap 18) 5 up 4 to play, then beat Whalley (handicap 18) by 5 and 4.

All things point to a hard match in the final, as Reith, conceding a stroke a hole, will have to be in top form to oust Davison, if the latter is playing like he did in the semi-final.

By the way, Mr. Reith, while on holidays, entered the Sign and Show Card Writers' tournament, a one-day event over the municipal links, and carried off the major prize. His score was a well-played 76. Playing against Dunbar in the store competition, Reith scored an 80.

Davison's best score thus far was his record in the semi-final, a 45 for the outward journey and 51 for the return, total 96.

The handicaps are working out very fairly to all concerned and reflect credit on the committee.

FOOTBALL

Store Eleven Accepts Challenge of Drivers August 12th

What was anticipated would be a well contested game proved nothing short of a *barrel of laughter* for the assembled spectators, many of whom, happily or unhappily, spent carfares in order to witness the game.

The result was a 10 to 2 victory for the store. It was a good night's fun for all and the drivers deserve credit for being a set of real sports.

A match has been arranged between the third floor and the rest of the store, when those drivers wishing to know how to drive a ball should be on hand.



"I see you have chicken for dinner."

"Yes, suh," said Erastus Pinkley.

"I hope you bought the chicken."

"Well, no; but the transaction were strictly regular. Dat chicken has been roostin' on ma fence fo' months wifout payin' nuffin' an' I reckoned it were 'bout time to fo'close."

Winnipeg Depot

At time of writing, A. Knowles is in Saskatchewan on an auto trip. Nothing has been heard of him since he left, not even the bursting of a tire.

We welcome Oscar Thompson back after his illness. His appendix may have been removed but his old time *pep* still remains.

Chrys Shearer is still on the sick list, but is on the mend.



Winnipeg General

SIR AUGUSTUS NANTON

Sir Augustus Meredith Nanton, of Winnipeg, director of the Hudson's Bay Company and chairman of its Canadian committee, was unanimously elected president of the Dominion Bank at a meeting of the board of directors of the bank held in Toronto August 12th.

Sir Augustus succeeds the late Sir Edmund Osler.

The honour conferred has caused great satisfaction among all members of the Hudson's Bay Company's staff, with whom Sir Augustus and Lady Nanton are highly and deservedly popular. No joint social gathering of the staff at Winnipeg ever seems complete without them.

If, as rumour states at time of going to press, business necessitates their removal to Toronto, they will be greatly missed at Winnipeg by all classes of the community, having been closely identified with the city in business, social and philanthropic work for so many years.

MISS L. E. JOHNSTON

Miss L. E. Johnston was presented with a gift of Community silver on leaving the accounting department to become the bride of Mr. Thomas Arnott, Detroit. Mr. Calder, chief accountant, in making the presentation in behalf of the subscribers, spoke of her valued services and sterling qualities, and wished her happiness and prosperity in her new sphere—the highest and most honourable position in the gift of any man. Miss Johnston in returning thanks spoke feelingly of the

separation, which would be doubly keen as she was also leaving Winnipeg. A successful shower was arranged in her honour by Miss Boyle a few days previous to this event. Miss Johnston has been with the Company seven years.

Our grateful thanks are due, and hereby tendered, to the Company's poet laureate for the following lines, specially penned for the occasion:

We are downhearted—you Ar-nott.
When we are parted and your lot
Is cast in happy wedded bliss,
Perchance you'll think of us—and this.
This *gift* to you is but a token
Of kindly thoughts oft left unspoken.
Take not amiss our heartfelt wishes
When you're a Mrs. washing dishes.
And when you're sweeping out the floor,
Just cast a thought to us once more;
And wish us joy, and fortune, too,
That we this moment wish to you.

V. J. Gayler, of the audit department, has returned to Winnipeg from Fort McMurray, after a stay of eleven weeks at that point on Company's business.

JOINT PICNIC AT SELKIRK PARK

Ladies' and Men's Races

H.B.C. employees men's race, 100 yards—1st, Gordon Caslake (Fur); 2nd, C. R. Frayer (Executive and Land); 3rd, O. H. Haltalin (Executive and Land).

H.B.C. employees ladies' race, 50 yards—1st, Miss Bigelow (Fur); 2nd Miss Moulder (Executive and Land); 3rd, Miss Ross (Fur).

Men's race, open, 100 yards—1st, Caslake; 2nd, Belanger; 3rd, Poustie.

Ladies' race, open, 50 yards—1st, Miss Fielding; 2nd, Miss Poitras; 3rd, Miss Moulder.

Blindfold, 100 yards walk, mixed—1st, Mr. Murray and Miss Bigelow; 2nd, Mr. Garner and Miss Fraser; 3rd, Mr. Riley and Mrs. Pitts.

Relay race, 400 yards—1st, Executive and Land with Haltalin, McBride, McGill and Frayer; 2nd, Fur Trade; 3rd, Wholesale.

Wheelbarrow race, mixed, 50 yards—1st, Mr. Garner and Miss Fraser; 2nd, Mr. Murray and Miss Bigelow; 3rd, Mr. McQuiston and Miss Ogston.

Obstacle race, men, 100 yards—1st, G. Caslake (Fur); 2nd, O. H. Haltalin (Executive and Land); 3rd, H. Garner (Wholesale).

Nail driving competition—1st, Mrs. Paul; 2nd, Miss Scruby; 3rd, Mrs. Riley.

Sack race, 50 yards—1st, G. Caslake (Fur); 2nd, D. Ritchie (Wholesale); 3rd, C. R. Frayer (Executive and Land).

Managers' race, 75 yards—1st, R. Watson (Executive and Land); 2nd, A. Brock (Wholesale); 3rd, H. R. Charlewood (Executive and Land).

Drivers' race—1st, T. Croucher; 2nd, G. Mitchell.

Long service race, 75 yards—handicap, one yard per year service—1st, John Calder (Executive and Land); 2nd, Joe Lyon (Wholesale); 3rd, T. J. Seaborn (Wholesale).

Married ladies' race, 50 yards—1st, Mrs. Pocock; 2nd, Mrs. McBride; 3rd, Mrs. McLean; 4th, Mrs. Mapstone.

Tug-of-war—1st, Executive and Land, with Morrison, Scarfe, McMurray, B. Everitt, Haltalin, McBride, Charlewood, Bridgwater; 2nd, Wholesale (warehouse); 3rd, Wholesale (office); 4th, Fur Trade.

Points in departmental contest (1st, 3 points; 2nd, 2 points; 3rd, 1 point)—1st, Executive and Land, 21 points; 2nd, Fur Trade, 15 points; 3rd, Wholesale, 12 points.

REFLECTIONS AFTER THE JOINT PICNIC

That G. L. Bellingham is wondering when the next picnic is coming off.

That Bill Edmonds, in addition to working hard, did the *worrying* for the entire committee and that his voice was *stiff* for a week after the tug-of-war.

That the Executive and Land combination did all they said they were going to do in the relay race and more than that in the tug-of-war.

That a boy of five years, with the name of an old English town, confessed to nine bottles of pop and ten ice-cream cones.

That one of Ashdown's youngsters, who started racing with his own crowd, finished up at the H.B.C. tape and almost got a prize at that.

That the Poitras kiddies made a clean-up.

That the Fur Trade would have won the tug-of-war had Commissioner Brabant,

Captain Mack and Chris. Harding been on their end of the rope.

That the Executive and Land would have lost it if Major Morrison, Bridgwater, McMurray, B. Everitt and Scarfe had missed their tram-car out.

That in future Gordon Caslake can stand giving a handicap of five yards in the hundred and still be among the prizes.

That the editor of *The Beaver* is still a flier, and that H. R. Charlewood complained that he couldn't get going properly for Watson running in and out between his legs.

That the Fur Trade ladies (as racers, of course) are a pretty *fast* bunch.

That W. S. Lecky wields a mean right with an ice-cream ladle.

That there's lots of "life in the old dogs yet." John Calder and Joe Lyon had a duel to the post in the veterans' race, with John in luck, as usual.

That there was *dirty work* going on with the two percent during the races, and the poor, thirsty pedestrians got *left at the post*.

That Arthur Brock is still looking for the golf balls with his flashlight.

That A. C. Swindell's old country trip interfered with his training, otherwise he would have been placed ninth instead of tenth in the managers' race.

That the relay was supposed to be a race, not a toboggan contest. Haltalin did his last ten yards on the seat of his trousers.

That it was the best yet.



Land Department

The following paragraphs have been contributed by the staff of the Winnipeg Land Department in response to a call for a line or two from each member.—B. A. Everitt, associate editor.

Talent for the coming season is cordially invited for the Land Department concert party revue. Apply, A. E. B.

It is rumoured that the Land Department Perriot "comedian" is going to favour us this coming winter with that well-known ballad entitled, "Do Shrimps Make Good Mothers."—*Jubilo*.

Two Pies

If you would know the flavour of a pie,
The juicy sweet, the spice and tart, you must

Be patient till the fiery core is cool,
And bite a little deeper than the crust.
If you would know the flavour of a man—
God's mud pie, made of Eden's dew and dust—

Be patient till love's fire has warmed him through
And look a little deeper than the crust.—K.S.

Are there enough "shots" with H.B.C. to form a rifle club in Winnipeg?—S.E.F.

The reason I lost my game in the tennis tournament against George Bowdler was because my hair kept getting in my eyes.—W.E.

Fear no man and do right;
Fear all women and don't write.—R.E.

The Company's servants and officials who obtain their winter's supply of coal from Alberta and British Columbia are reminded that the strike of coal miners, which commenced on April 1st, has *not* as yet terminated. This should be borne in mind when arranging the winter's fuel supply, as the shortage of coal consequent on the strike is not unlikely to cause an upward trend in prices and if continued may cause an actual shortage of fuel throughout the West.—L.G.T.

It has been a hard season on the shoes.
—*Travelling Representative*.

THIS SHALL BE MY SYMPHONY

"To live content with small means;
To seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion;
To be worthy, respectable and wealthy, not rich;
To study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly;
To listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart;
To bear all cheerfully, do bravely, and await occasions, hurry never;
In a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common."—(Selected) H.F.H.

Montreal Wholesale

Many buyers have visited the markets this season so far, including the following, representing the various departments of the different branches noted: Ready-to-wear—Miss Andrew, Vancouver; Miss Grimason, Victoria; Mr. Elsie, Saskatoon; P. H. Graham, Edmonton. Millinery—Miss Green, Vancouver; Miss Workman, Victoria; Miss MacDonald, Edmonton; Miss Madill, Saskatoon; Miss Kitching, Winnipeg; Mr. Ross, Calgary.

Visits are also due at this writing of Mr. Atkinson, gloves, hosiery, etc., buyer of Saskatoon; and of Messrs. McLaughlin and Dale, of Vancouver, the two latter being on their way to the European markets.

We were pleased to see Miss Woodhead and Mr. Farquhar, of Winnipeg, upon their return from Europe, both of whom were looking remarkably well, having apparently derived much benefit from their visit.

Miss Mullins, of this office, recently resigned. We welcome Miss Evernden as her successor.

The following members of the staff here have had their vacation during the past month: Messrs. Gaudet, Swaffield, Graham, Peck, Taylor, Geddes and Andy Brown (pronounced "Broon"), while at the time of writing, J. C. Atkins, our manager, is arranging for a few days' vacation among the beauties of the lower St. Lawrence, from which we hope both he and Mrs. Atkins will derive a great deal of healthful enjoyment.

Misses Ritchie and Robinson, from the lady members of our staff, have also been guilty of taking holidays, but are now back at work again entirely rejuvenated from their visit to the lakes and mountains.

Owing to the absence on holidays of Mr. Geddes, our special correspondent, who is at present fully immersed both physically and mentally in the beauties of Lac Maskinonge, the task of compiling these notes has fallen on a substitute.

Our Contributors



NO. 1—C. H. FRENCH

C. H. French is our fur trade district manager for British Columbia and an enthusiastic supporter of *The Beaver*, of which he is an associate editor. Mr. French's illustrated articles on native life and customs, animals, hunting, trapping, and on places of interest, on which he is an authority, have done much to enhance the instructive value of our magazine. He starts a new series in this issue, "Necessity, the Mother of Invention."

Little Hints On How to Dream

*I had a dream the other night,
And saw before me, full of fight,
Those folks who should, but don't, indite
Some epic for our monthly Sprite.*

*They held The Beaver to the light.
They tossed me from Parnassus' height,
With little hints on how to write
My "Little Hints on How to Write."*

*They glared in wrath, my face turned white.
I clenched my hands, my lips pursed tight.
I trembled at the ghostly sight.
Was ever man in greater plight?*

*I'm glad 'twas but a dream at night.
At daybreak all the ghosts took flight,
And, on my desk—ah, glorious sight—
Enough to fill The Beaver, quite.*

*I woke once more to dawning light—
A dream within a dream. Good night!—
The manuscripts for Beaver, bright,
Were ghosts, by ghosts, in ghostly spite.*

—R.W.

Fur Trade Winnipeg

Angus Brabant, fur trade commissioner, has just returned from a business trip to The Pas.

Miss Shearer has been absent for some time, suffering from a sharp attack of pleurisy.

L. R. Johnson, of Sioux Lookout, paid a few days' visit to Winnipeg in connection with his requisitions.

A. W. Anderson, of Cross Lake post, with his wife and family, is at present in the city.

Ashton Alston, late of Attawapiskat post, is now in the city. He will shortly retire on pension and intends to reside at Sioux Lookout.

S. T. Youngman and J. Bartleman have just returned from their summer inspection trips of their respective districts.

P. H. Godsell, district inspector for Saskatchewan, has returned to Winnipeg after a trip occupying nearly three months. His journey took him to Prince Albert, through Green lake, Isle a la Crosse, Pine river, Buffalo river, Portage-la-Loche, across Old Methy portage, down the Clear Water river to Fort McMurray, thence to Onion lake, Fort a la Corne, Red Earth and Cedar lake.

H. M. S. Cotter, manager of Cumberland House post, visited Winnipeg recently on business. The editor's little girl, noticing Mr. Cotter's initials in a recent *Beaver*, asked if he was a prince or a king or the owner of the British navy.

Thomas McEwan, of Lac du Brochet, was in the city for a few days.

A. C. Clarke has been transferred from the charge of Split Lake post to Norway House.



Fort Alexander Post (Keewatin District)

The holiday season at Victoria Beach has caused an influx of tourists from that point to the Manitou rapids, for change of

scenery, and for the fishing which is to be had at the foot of the rapids. These are about four miles from the post up the Winnipeg river.

D. Ross, M.P. for Springfield, in company with the minister of public works, passed through. They docked at the pulp mill and returned six days later.

The motor boat *Dauphin*, with Col. Stevenson, chief of the forestry department, and party, paid a visit to the Company's establishment, after which they proceeded to the Manitou rapids.

Duncan McLean, son of W. J. McLean, one time in charge of Fort Alexander, was one of a party which paid us a visit, having come from Winnipeg Beach via Victoria Beach in their yacht. His recollections of the post during his father's regime were rather vague, being a youngster at that time.

The draining of the Julius swamp, which is west of the post, into Cat Fish creek is proceeding rapidly. Dredging operations are in charge of A. McIntosh. This is giving employment to quite a number of Fort Alexander Indians.

The seaplanes from Victoria Beach can be seen daily passing over the post on fire patrol.

The majority of the Indians attached to the post are away berry picking in the direction of Belair and at other points on the C.N.R.

Joseph Abraham, jr., one of our best and most trustworthy hunters, died of influenza recently.

Both the Roman Catholic and Anglican missions have started cutting hay. There is every indication of a poor crop, caused by the dry season in the early part of the summer. The Indians who depend upon the marsh hay have the same cry.

The frost which touched the potatoes in this vicinity on the 12th July, has retarded the growth, and the opinion of all is that the yield will be much below the average.

Moose Factory

GALLANTRY AT ALBANY POST

Many an act of bravery has been allowed to pass unrecognised and unrewarded in the northland owing partly to lack of regular communication between posts and partly to the fact that the average fur trader is a type of man who, having gained by living in the wilds in the and of big things a good deal of common-sense and hard-headedness and has, fortunately or unfortunately, learned to accept trials, hardships and dangerous happenings as part of the day's work and to do anything that demands his attention or skill without speaking about it to his comrades in trade. And thus it is that an act of gallantry performed by J. W. Anderson, post manager, Albany post, on July 21st almost passed unnoticed.

The incident was this wise:

The motor ship *Fort Churchill* had just arrived at Albany from Charlton depot and had moored alongside the wharf. At a post such as Albany the sight is considered by the Indians as the event of the season. Consequently excitement among them ran high.

J. W. Anderson, in company with Mr. Conn, fur trade inspector, had been aboard the vessel, and as they were returning to the office, wending their way through the bigger half of the Indian population which had assembled on the wharf, wild shouts arose from the Indians, who suddenly rushed forward. "My God!" exclaimed someone, "a boy in the water." Mr. Anderson swung round quickly and, without a word of his intention, handed his hat to his companion and, rushing back, dived into the river fully attired.

The unfortunate was a little Indian boy, who had been pushed off the wharf in the excitement. Mr. Anderson's task was no easy one, for, strange to say, the little chap's head did not show above water, and to make matters worse the river was very turbulent, the tide extremely high and on the ebb. But, with the tenacity and determination of the fur trade, Mr. Anderson commenced a series of dives; and not a moment too soon was he successful in grasping the boy, who appeared to have no clear impression of

anything save that he had to struggle to breathe. Encumbered by his clothes, the rescuer had to battle against the choppy waters and fast ebbing tide, and this had its effect upon him, but he managed to keep the little fellow above water until a canoe reached him, when the victim was taken ashore. Mr. Anderson then swam to land and walked off to his house with the air of one who has accomplished nothing out of the common, and severely taking himself to task for having allowed so many children to congregate on the wharf. Such is the nature of the man.



Lac du Brochet

S. T. Youngman, our district manager, arrived here on July 5th to close out the annual accounts. He left on the 12th on the schooner for Rabbit river on his way to Pukkatawagan post.

Two outfits of surveyors arrived here this summer, one party to survey the lake shore, Cochrane river and part of Hatchet lake; the other party left for Swan river on their way to Fond du Lac. Andrew Flett, of Lac du Brochet, accompanied them. We expect him back some time in December.



Agony Corner

The following S.O.S. was sent to one of our post managers recently:

Dear Sir—I don't hardly know how to get at this letter as I have been on the sick list this last month or two and have tried every and all kinds of medicine but don't seem to do me any good. I think if I had some brandy that might help. Can you now ship the same as usual. I used to have some of your price lists but they are all done away with, so, for two reasons don't know how much money to send and again I don't know if you can ship the same as you used to, and if you can if you would send me one two-quarts of brandy right away, by return mail, *as I am in agony*, and I will pay C.O.D. as I would like to have it as soon as possible. And obe.

KIDDIES' CORNER

Big Spruce, Little Spruce and Perky Poplar

N old grandfather spruce tree, its sides scarred by a wanton axe, stands midst the stumps and dead trunks of its relatives. Its branches have taken on a covering of sparkling crystals like bushy white whiskers studded with diamonds, which would be very becoming to such an old, old tree. This tree stands on a ridge and beside it is growing a small baby spruce tree and a perky poplar tree—a stripling with naked branches and showing little signs of life.

"Oh dear!" groans the old tree, suddenly as he watches a moving object on the lake. "Here come the destructive man-animals!"

"Man-animals!" cries the perky poplar, very much puzzled.

"I forgot," says the old tree, "you were not born last time they came. They killed every tree except myself."

"But why?" asks the perky poplar.

"Who can say?" said the old tree. "Put an axe in their hands and they become mad."

"Perhaps the man-animals will pass on," says the baby spruce in pity.

"No, no!" moans the old tree. "There is no other place for miles."

The baby spruce falls a-shuddering. Something which sparkles in the sun drops from its tiny branches to the ground. Perhaps it is an ice-particle; perhaps it is a tear. Poor baby spruce!

"My branches won't be of much use to them," says the perky poplar jauntily, trying to keep the tremor out of his voice. "So I guess I'm safe."

At last two of the dreaded man-animals arrive, driving five dogs harnessed to a sled. And, alas! one of the men snatches an axe from the sled and quickly attacks the poor old tree. The cruel axe eats in till at last it falls groaning to the ground. Swiftly, branches are slashed off the old tree. Soon there is a fire and the kettle boiling. The two men sink upon the spruce branches and eat and drink with relish.

The baby spruce trembles, then it stands stone-still, stone-cold. The perky poplar is fearful too, but it is also delighted at the downfall of the old tree, for it will no longer be shut out from the sun. Yes, the perky poplar is really glad that the men came.

Soon the men are ready to proceed. The perky poplar chuckles. It feels safe now. Suddenly the dogs begin to fight. One man looks about him for a weapon. He reaches out a strong hand to the perky poplar and snaps off its head and, rushing forward, thrashes the snarling brutes with it. Soon it is in ribbons.

Men and dogs go on their way. The baby spruce is spared and may grow in the course of years into a big, big tree. But what was once a perky poplar is now just a stump, from which one or two branches are jutting. The stump may grow taller, the branches may grow longer, but it will always be a stump, never again a perky poplar.—Geo. R. Ray.

General Index

Volume 4, October, 1923 to September, 1924

Subject	Page
Advertising	42
Age of Patent Medicines	33
Animal Traps and Trapping (illus.)	324
Annual Meeting H.B.C. (Vancouver)	180
Armorial Bearings (illus.)	323
Atkin, J. C. (illus.)	35

Subject	Page
Ballantyne, R. M.	82
Barfield, Capt. Wm.	260
Barrow	94
Baseball	306, 375, 387, 388, 422
Basketball	265, 310, 344, 381, 419
Beaver, The (poem)	318
Better Retail Salesmanship	227
Better Retail Salesmanship	266
Big H.B.C. Party at Winnipeg	183
Birthplace of a Great State (illus.)	167
Boating	383
Books and Bookselling	98
Bowling	191, 314, 359
Brooks, J. Chadwick (illus.)	155-157
Brush with a Submarine	172
British Columbia Posts (illus.)	184, 204, 254, 303, 334, 395, 444
Budding Ponzi Discovered	229
Buffalo Pemmican <i>a la mode</i>	295
Buffalo Stampede (illus.)	106
Bungay and Others	397
Buying	151

Subject	Page
Calgary Stampede (illus.)	379
Canadian Crop Returns	327
Canada's First Dope Pedlars	366
Canada's Musk-Ox (illus.)	440
Canada's Native Sculptors	248
Charge of the Bite Brigade (poem)	196
Cheerful Customer and Dainty Clerk	377
Chester, P. A.	157
Chilkat Blanket (illus.)	142
Chipman, late C. C.	218
Christie Family and H.B.C.	316
Christmas Crackers	110
Christmas Forty Years Ago	84
City of Edmonton	212
Cocoa and Chocolate	140
Competition for Our Artists	214
Confidence	176
Cree Dance at Hobbema (illus.)	45
Cree Indian Legends	436
Cricket	263, 307, 341, 347, 375, 414, 415
Crop Situation	59
Curling	69, 120, 154, 158, 160, 191, 195, 227, 234, 271, 272, 314

Subject	Page
"Der Tag"	54
Dickensian Christmas Party	159
Distressing Incident	424
Dease Post, B.C. (illus.)	444
Dogs (illus.)	410

Subject	Page
Donald and Dugald	213
Drew, J. R. (illus.)	35

Subject	Page
Early Explorations of H.B.C.	402, 443
Early History of Silk Stockings	150
Effective Advertising	302
Elphick, V. W. (illus.)	35
Enthusiasm	258
Epistle of Arabus	60
Everyday Happenings	28
Exile, The (poem)	325

Subject	Page
Falkland Islands Battle	96
Fifty Years with H.B.C. (illus.)	100
Finlayson, L. V. N.	235
First Impressions of Canada	58
First Trail to Jasper House	215
Fletcher, Miss Mattie (illus.)	119
Football	153, 306, 265, 415, 456
Fort Grahame	334
Fowles, W.	121
Fox Trot, A (poem)	417
Frankish, J. W.	118
French, C. H. (illus.)	459
Friend in High Altitudes (illus.)	127
Furs and Fur Bearers	151
Fur Farming in Canada	278

Subject	Page
Garner, F. S.	361
General Managers' Conference	187
Gold Nugget	179
Golf	120, 314, 347, 350, 387, 455
Great Sea Fight, 1697 (illus.)	284
Greetings	75
Guns, Girls and Geography (photos)	442

Subject	Page
Happiness	147
Handling Modern Credits	246
Hardisty, Hon. Richard (illus.)	174
Harman, Mrs. H. F.	197
H.B.C. Hercules	335
H.B.C. and Manitoba	5
H.B.C. Inland Transport (illus.)	19, 52, 92
H.B.C. Orchestra (illus.)	348
H.B.C. Wins Libel Action	148
Hiking We Will Go	230
Historical Diary of Winnipeg	214
Historical Exhibit	234, 387, 467
History of January	150
Hockey	154, 187, 191, 192, 193, 197, 229
Holidays at Fort Garry	78
Holiday in Italy (illus.)	134
Honour Roll, Great War	38
Hollier, H. H. (illus.)	24
How H.B.C. Acquired Its Farm Lands	50
Husky's Dream of Paradise	185

Subject	Page
Indian Ice Cream	104
Indian Fakir Performance	217

Subject	Page
Indians as Farmers.....	244
Indian Mummification (illus.).....	290
Indian Picture Writing and Sculpture.....	405
Importance of Service in Selling.....	27
International Twosome.....	267
Introducing Other Merchandise.....	91

J

Johnston, F. M. (illus.).....	154, 452
Joint Party (Winnipeg).....	272
Joint Picnic (Winnipeg).....	423, 445, 457
Joint Social Gathering.....	158
Jubilee of the Mounted.....	406
Just Dad! (poem).....	185
Just a Thought!.....	105

K

Kiddies' Corner.....	71, 123, 163, 355, 462
Kindersley, Sir Robert M.....	157
(K)night Errantry.....	433

L

Lafricain, Stephen (illus.).....	291
Landing of Selkirk Settlers (illus.).....	128
Land Dept. Banquet.....	315
Land Dept. Concert Party (illus.).....	351
Last Stampede (illus.).....	74
Letter to Editor.....	389
Life Among Babine Indians (illus.).....	22
Life at a Trading Post.....	205
Lillie, Alexander.....	16
Little Hints on How to Dream (poem).....	459
Little Hints on How to Write.....	48, 87, 136, 170, 208, 252
Lockyer's, H. T., Monthly Message.....	111, 340
London Snow.....	198
London (H.B.C. Party) (illus.).....	276
Long Service Medals.....	389
Lone Northland (photos).....	299
Lord Byron's Centenary.....	292
Lyon, Joe (illus.).....	388, 423

M

Man from Mexico.....	314
Matheson, Duncan.....	259
Microscopy of Textile Fibres (illus.).....	300
Mine Sweeping Adventure (illus.).....	138
Merchandising.....	362
Moore, Wm. (illus.).....	426
Munro, H. G. (illus.).....	169
My Ambition When Twenty-one.....	223
"Mystery of the Hansom Cab".....	255

Mc

McDame's Creek Post.....	395
McDonald, Archibald (illus.).....	40
McLeod, George "B".....	236

N

Nanakawekapow's Fox Factory (illus.).....	13
Nanton, Sir Augustus.....	456
Necessity, Mother of Invention (illus.).....	431
New Year's Eve at the Outpost (illus.).....	149

O

Ode to J. Hedlam.....	389
Old Country Trip.....	404
Old H.B.C. Skipper.....	260

Subject	Page
Old Fur Trade Romance.....	368
Oliver Goldsmith.....	434
On Catching Up.....	326
Open Letters.....	56-251
Originality.....	331
Otto the Cripple.....	405
Our Aboriginal Customers (illus.).....	328
Overcoming Delivery Difficulties.....	411

P

Payne, the late James.....	408
Peguis (Chief).....	394
Picnic at Elk Lake.....	64
Presentation to H. T. Lockyer.....	186
Presentation to H. Pout.....	64
Prayer and Bills of Lading.....	146
Pro Pelle Cutem.....	430

Q

Quick Turn-over in Furs.....	263
------------------------------	-----

R

Radio.....	274
Redskin Jonah (poem illus.).....	294
Ross, Mrs. Bernard.....	272
Rothwell, K.C., late S. J.....	216
Rubaiyat of a Trading Post (poem).....	245

S

Sailing the Hoodoo Ship.....	8
Scenes in Early History of B.C.....	370
Sense and Nonsense.....	220
Shaw, William.....	129
Siberian Bear and Fox.....	219
Smith, Philip.....	194
Snowshoe Tramp.....	234
So This Is America! (illus.).....	371
Some War Humour.....	339
Some Strange Epitaphs (illus.).....	250
"Speed" Brown.....	178
Spinning Wheel (illus.).....	396
Sporty Fox Hunting.....	337
Stacpole, F. A. (illus.).....	35
Stay with the Game (poem).....	185
Stirling, P. D. (illus.).....	126
Stone Age in Canada (illus.).....	365
Store Service.....	338
Story of Our Advertisement.....	332
Story of Linoleum.....	288
Story of Spun Silk.....	206
Story of Tea.....	256
Story of Woollen Cloth.....	432
Study.....	225
Such is Life (poem).....	261
Swimming.....	341-347-389

T

Tea Cultivation and Picking (illus.).....	400
Telegraph Creek.....	359
Tell 'Em So (poem).....	316
Ten Commandments of the Highway.....	308
Tennis.....	119-263-307-347-351-375
That's That (poem).....	384
The Ship! The Ship! (illus.).....	438
Track and Field Day (Vancouver).....	63
Trapping of Furs (illus.).....	130
Two Hundred and Fifty-Four (poem).....	283

U

Union Jack.....	80
-----------------	----

Subject	V	Page
Verses for My Friends.....		171
Victoria, Fort (illus.).....		369
Visit to Gonzales Observatory.....		225
W		
Watson, Robert.....		3
We Live But Once (poem).....		51
Where the West Begins (illus.).....		90
Where the North Begins (poem).....		273

Subject	Page
Why Make Out Want Slips?.....	304
Williams, Jabez.....	169
Window Display at Small Cost.....	132
Winnipeg's Jubilee (illus.).....	358-385
Woman's Arctic Log (illus.).....	210-245-296
Wondaw.....	366
Women of Red River.....	44
Y	
You Never Know (poem).....	203

Index to Biographies and Sketches

Volumes 1 to 4 inclusive

Subject	A	Vol. No.	Page
Adams, Wm. H.....		3 12	438
Armit, D.....		2 3	6
Atkins, J. C.....		4 1	35
B			
Ballantyne, R. M.....		4 3	82
Barfield, Capt. Wm.....		4 7	260
Bayne, Geo. A.....		1 7	9
Bellingham, G. L.....		1 5	19
Brabant, A.....		1 2	2
Brooks, J. Chadwick.....		2 11	2
Broughton, W. K.....		2 3	4
Burbidge, H. E.....		1 2	9
Byron, Lord.....		4 8	292
C			
Calder, J.....		1 8	24
Camsell, Julian.....		3 8	294
Chipman, C. C.....		4 6	218
Christie, W. J.....		3 11	417
Christie, (family).....		3 2	417
Christie (family).....		4 8	316
D			
Drew, J. R.....		4 1	35
E			
Elphick, V. W.....		4 1	35
F			
Finlayson, L. V. N.....		4 6	235
Fortescue, Jos.....		3 7	258
Fowles, Walter.....		1 7	16
Fraser, Simon.....		2 2	39
French, C. H.....		1 4	8
French, C. H.....		4 12	459
G			
Garner, F. S.....		4 10	361
Gaudet, C. T.....		4 9	335
Gibson, J. M.....		1 3	25
H			
Hall, R. H.....		2 3	3
Hall, H. H.....		3 8	298
Hardisty, W. L.....		3 9	330
Hardisty, Hon. Rd.....		4 5	174
Harker, F. F.....		1 2	12
Harman, H. F.....		1 1	6
Harman, Mrs. H. F.....		4 5	197
Henley, E.....		4 12	446
Hollier, H. H.....		4 1	24

Subject	I	Vol. No.	Page
Ingrams, F. C.....		2 9	2
J			
Johnston, F. M.....		4 12	452
K			
Kindersley, Sir Robert M.....		1 1	10
Kindersley, Hugh.....		1 1	14
King, W. C.....		2 3	6
L			
Lafricain, Stephen.....		4 8	291
Larocque, Louis.....		4 3	100
Livock, W. T.....		2 3	2
Lockyer, H. T.....		1 1	29
Lyon, Joe.....		2 6	15
Lyon, Joe.....		4 10	388
Lyon, Joe.....		4 11	423
M			
Mack, Capt. G. E.....		1 3	2
Matheson, Alexr.....		3 10	366
Matheson, D.....		2 3	4
Matheson, D.....		4 7	259
Mercredi, Pierre.....		3 9	337
Moberly, H. J.....		2 3	7
Moore, Wm.....		4 11	426
Munro, H. G.....		4 4	169
Mc			
MacBeth, R. G.....		3 2	91
McDonald, Archd.....		4 2	40
McFarlane, Rodk.....		3 6	222
McIntosh, J. R.....		1 8	29
McKenzie, N. M. W. J.....		1 3	13
McKenzie, A. R.....		2 3	7
McKeown, T. J. F.....		2 11	30
McLeod, Geo. "B.".....		4 6	236
McLean, W. J.....		2 3	6
N			
Nanton, Sir Augustus.....		4 12	456
Nicolson, A.....		1 3	38
P			
Payne, James.....		4 11	408
Peguis, Chief.....		4 11	393-4
Pout, H.....		1 9	30
R			
Rae, T. C.....		2 3	5
Rankin, C.....		1 8	18

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